THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning A DIARY FROM DIXIE

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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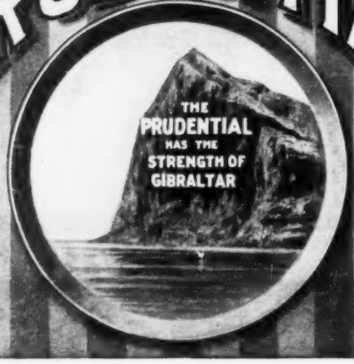

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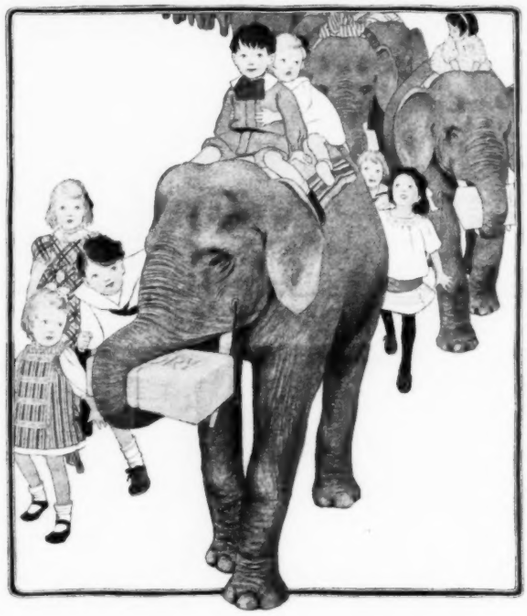

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New York *Chicago*
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A DIARY FROM DIXIE

By Mary Boykin Chesnut

Edited by Isabella D. Martin and Myrta Lockett Avary

CHARLESTON, South Carolina, November 8, 1860.—Yesterday on the train, just before we reached Fernandina, a woman called out: "That settles the hash!" Tanny touched me on the shoulder and said, "Lincoln's elected." "How do you know?" "The man over there has a telegram." The excitement was very great. Everybody was talking at the same time. One, a little more moved than the others, stood up and said despondently: "The die is cast; no more vain regrets; sad forebodings are useless; the stake is life or death." "Did you ever!" was the prevailing exclamation, and some one—making a pun on the John Brown raid—cried out: "Now that the black, radical Republicans have the power, I suppose they will Brown us all." No doubt of it.

I have always kept a journal after a fashion of my own, with dates and a line of poetry or prose, mere quotations, which I understood and no one else, and I have kept letters and extracts from the papers. From to-day forward I will tell the story in my own way. I now wish I had a chronicle of the two delightful and eventful years that have just passed. Those delights have fled and one's breath is taken away to think what events have since crowded in.

DECEMBER 21.—Mrs. Charles Lowndes was sitting with us to-day when Mrs. Kirkland brought in a copy of the Secession Ordinance. I wonder if my face grew as white as hers. She said after a moment: "God help us. As our day, so shall our strength be." How grateful we were for this pious ejaculation of hers! They say I had better take my last look at this beautiful place, Combahee. It is on the coast, open to gunboats.

We mean business this time, because of this convocation of the notables, this convention which has decided for secession. In it are all our wisest and best. They really have tried to send the ablest men, the good men and true. South Carolina was never more splendidly represented.

Patriotism aside, it makes society delightful. One need not regret having left Washington.

DECEMBER 27.—Mrs. Gidiere came in quietly from her marketing to-day, and in her neat, incisive manner exploded this bombshell: "Major Anderson has moved into Fort Sumter, while Governor Pickens slept serenely." The row is fast and furious now. State after State is taking its forts and fortresses. They say if we had been left out in the cold alone we might have sulked a while, but back we would have had to go, and would merely have fretted and fumed and quarreled among ourselves. Anderson has blocked that game, but now our sister States have joined us, and we are strong. I give the condensed essence of the table-talk: "Anderson has united the cotton States. Now for Virginia!"—"Anderson has opened the ball." Those who want a row are in high glee. Those who dread it are glum and thoughtful enough.

A letter from Susan Rutledge: "Captain Humphrey folded the United States Army flag just before dinner-time. Ours was run up in its place. You know the Arsenal is in sight. What is the next move? I pray God to guide us. We stand in need of wise counsel; something more than courage. The talk is: 'Fort Sumter must be taken.' How in the name of sense are they to manage? I shudder to think of rash moves."

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, February 19, 1861.—The brand-new Confederacy is making or remodeling its Constitution. Everybody wants Mr. Jefferson Davis to be General-in-Chief, or President. Keitt and Boyce and a party preferred Howell Cobb, of Georgia, and Buchanan's Secretary of the Treasury, for President.

My brother Stephen brought the officers of the "Montgomery Blues" to dinner. "Very soiled Blues," they said, apologizing for their rough condition. Poor fellows! they had been a month before Fort Pickens and not allowed to attack it. They said Colonel Chase built it, and so were sure it was impregnable. Colonel Lomax telegraphed to Governor Moore, of Alabama, if he might try to take it, "Chase or no Chase," and got for his answer, "No." "And now," say the Blues, "we have worked like niggers, and when the fun and fighting begin they send us home and put regulars there." They have an immense amount of powder. The wheel of the car in which it was carried took fire. There was an escape for you! We are packing a hamper of eatables for them.

I am despondent once more. If I thought them in earnest because at first they put their best in front, what now? We have to meet tremendous odds by pluck, activity, zeal, dash, endurance of the toughest military instinct. We have had to choose born leaders of men who could attract love and secure trust. Everywhere political intrigue is as rife as in Washington.

Robert Toombs to-day told us a story of General Scott and himself. He said he was dining in Washington with Scott, who seasoned every dish and every glass of wine with the eternal refrain, "Save the Union; the Union must be preserved." Toombs remarked that he knew why the Union was so dear to the General, and illustrated his point by a steamboat anecdote, an explosion, of course. While the passengers were struggling in the water a woman ran up and down the bank crying, "Oh, save the red-headed man!" The red-headed man was saved, and his preserver, after landing him, noticed with surprise how little interest in him the woman who had made such moving appeals seemed to feel. He asked her, "Why did you make that pathetic outcry?" She answered, "Oh, he owes me $10,000." "Now, General," said Toombs, "the Union owes you $17,000 a year!" I can imagine the scorn on old Scott's face.

FEBRUARY 25.—To-day at dinner Judge —— was loudly abusive of Congress. He said, "They have

MARY BOYKIN CHESNUT, AUTHOR OF THE DIARY
FROM A PORTRAIT IN OILS BY AN UNKNOWN PAINTER

Editor's Note—These are extracts from the journal of Mary Boykin Chesnut, written during the War of Secession. Mrs. Chesnut was the wife of James Chesnut, Jr., United States Senator from South Carolina, 1859-1861, and afterward an aide to Jefferson Davis and a Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army. It was bequeathed by Mrs. Chesnut to Miss Martin. The second installment will be published shortly.

trampled the Constitution under foot. They have provided President Davis with a house." He was disgusted with the folly of parading the President at the inauguration in a coach drawn by four white horses. Then some one said Mrs. Fitzpatrick was the only lady who sat with the Congress. After the inaugural she poked Jeff Davis in the back with her parasol that he might turn and speak to her. "I am sure that was democratic enough," said some one.

Governor Moore came in with the latest news—a telegram from Governor Pickens to the President "that a war steamer was lying off the Charleston bar laden with reenforcements for Fort Sumter, and what must we do?" Answer: "Use your own discretion!" There is faith for you.

Everybody who comes here wants an office, and the many who, of course, are disappointed raise a cry of corruption against the few who are successful. I thought we had left all that in Washington. Nobody is willing to be out of sight, and all will take office.

CHARLESTON BEFORE THE WAR
FROM AN OLD STEEL ENGRAVING FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY

War is now our dread. Everybody means to go into the army. If Sumter is attacked then Jeff Davis' troubles will begin. The Judge says a military despotism would be best for us—anything to prevent a triumph of the Yankees. All right, but every man objects to any despot but himself.

MARCH 1.—Dined to-day with Mr. Benjamin H. Hill, from Georgia, and his wife. After he left us she told me he was the celebrated individual who, for Christian scruples, refused to fight a duel with Stephens. She seemed very proud of him for his conduct in the affair. I am having all kinds of experiences. Drove to-day with a lady who fervently wished her husband would go down to Pensacola and be shot. I was dumb with amazement, of course. Telling my story to one who knew the parties, was informed, "Don't you know; he beats her?" So I have seen a man "who lifts his hand against a woman in aught save kindness."

Brewster says Lincoln passed through Baltimore disguised, and at night, and that he did well, for just now Baltimore is dangerous ground. He says that he hears from all quarters that the vulgarity of Lincoln, his wife and his son is beyond credence, a thing you must see before you can believe it. Senator Stephen A. Douglas told Mr. Chesnut that "Lincoln is awfully clever, and that he had found him a heavy handful."

Went to pay my respects to Mrs. Jefferson Davis. She met me with open arms. We did not allude to anything by which we are surrounded. We eschewed politics and our changed relations.

MARCH 5.—We stood on the balcony to see our Confederate flag go up. Roars of cannon, etc., etc. Miss Sanders complained (so said Captain Ingraham) of the deadness of the mob. "It was utterly spiritless," she said; "no cheering, or so little, and no enthusiasm." Captain Ingraham suggested that gentlemen "are apt to be quiet," and this was "a thoughtful crowd, the mob element with us just now hoeing corn." The band was playing "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." Miss Tyler, daughter of the former President of the United States, ran up the flag.

I must read Lincoln's inaugural. Oh, "comes he in peace, or comes he in war, or to tread but one measure as Young Lochinvar?" Lincoln's aim is to seduce the border States.

MARCH 10.—Mr. Browne tells us that Washington society is not reconciled to the Yankee régime. Mrs. Lincoln means to economize. She at once informed the major-domo that they were poor and hoped to save $12,000 every year from their salary of $20,000. Mr. Browne said Mr. Buchanan's farewell was far more imposing than Lincoln's inauguration. Some one spoke to Mrs. Lincoln in behalf of a doorkeeper who almost felt he had a vested right, having been there since Jackson's time; but met with the same answer: she had brought her own girl and must economize. It is an infamy to economize with the public money and to put it in one's private purse.

In the hotel parlor we had a scene. Mrs. Scott was describing Lincoln, who is of the cleverest Yankee type. She said: "Awfully ugly, even grotesque in appearance, the kind who are always at the corner stores, sitting on boxes, whittling sticks and telling stories as funny as they are vulgar." Here I interposed: "But Stephen A. Douglas said one day to Mr. Chesnut, 'Lincoln is the hardest fellow to handle I have ever encountered yet.'" Mr. Scott is from California, and said Lincoln was "an utter American specimen, coarse, rough and strong; a good-natured, kind creature; as pleasant-tempered as he is clever, and if this country can be joked and laughed out of its rights he is the kind-hearted fellow to do it. Now, if there is a war and it pinches the Yankee pocket instead of filling it——"

Here a shrill voice came from the next room (which opened upon the one we were in by folding doors thrown wide open) and said: "Yankees are no more mean and stingy than you are. People at the North are just as good as people at the South." The speaker advanced upon us in great wrath.

Mrs. Scott apologized and made some smooth, polite remark, though evidently much embarrassed. But the vinegar face and curly pate refused to receive any concessions, and replied: "That comes with a very bad grace after what you were saying," and she harangued us loudly for several minutes. Some one in the other room giggled outright, but we were quiet as mice. Nobody wanted to hurt her feelings. She was one against so many.

A man said aloud to-day: "This is nothing. It will soon blow over. Only a fuss gotten up by that Charleston clique." Toombs asked him to show his passports, for a man who uses such language is a suspicious character.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, March 26.—John Chesnut is a pretty soft-hearted slave-owner. He had two negroes arrested for selling whisky to his people on his plantation, and buying stolen corn from them. The culprits in jail sent for him. He found them (this snowy weather) lying in the cold on a bare floor, and he thought that punishment enough, they having had weeks of it. But they were not satisfied to be allowed to evade justice and slip away. They begged of him (and got) five dollars to buy shoes to run away in. I said, "Why, that is flat compounding a felony." And Johnny put his hands in the armholes of his waistcoat and stalked majestically before me, saying: "Woman, what do you know about law?"

APRIL 7.—Governor Manning walked in yesterday, bowed gravely, and seated himself by me. Again he bowed low in mock heroic style, and with a grand wave of his hand said, "Madame, your country is invaded." When I had breath to speak I asked, "What does he mean?" He meant this: there are six men-of-war outside the bar. Talbot and Chew have come to say that hostilities are to begin. Governor Pickens and Beauregard are holding a council of war. Mr. Chesnut then came in and confirmed the story. Wigfall next entered in boisterous spirits, and said, "There was a sound of revelry by night." In any stir or confusion my heart is apt to beat so painfully. Now the agony was so stifling I could hardly see or hear. The men went off almost immediately, and I crept silently to my room, where I sat down to a good cry.

Suddenly loud shouting was heard. We ran out. Cannon after cannon roared. We met Mrs. Allen Green, in the passageway, with blanched cheeks and streaming eyes. Governor Means rushed out of his room in his dressing gown and begged us to be calm. "Governor Pickens," said he, "has ordered, in the plentitude of his wisdom, seven cannon to be fired as a signal to the Seventh Regiment. Anderson will hear as well as the Seventh Regiment. Now you go back and be quiet; fighting in the streets has not begun yet."

There was no placidity to-day, no sleep for anybody last night. The streets were alive with soldiers, men shouting, marching, singing. One can but hope still. Lincoln, or Seward, has made much silly advances and then far sillier drawings back. There may be a chance for peace, after all. Things are happening so fast. My husband has been made an aide-de-camp of General Beauregard.

Three hours ago we were quietly packing to go home. The Convention has adjourned. Now he tells me the attack on Fort Sumter may begin to-night; depends upon Anderson and the fleet outside. The Herald says that this show of war outside of the bar is intended for Texas. John Manning came in with his sword and red sash, pleased as a boy to be on Beauregard's staff, while the row goes on.

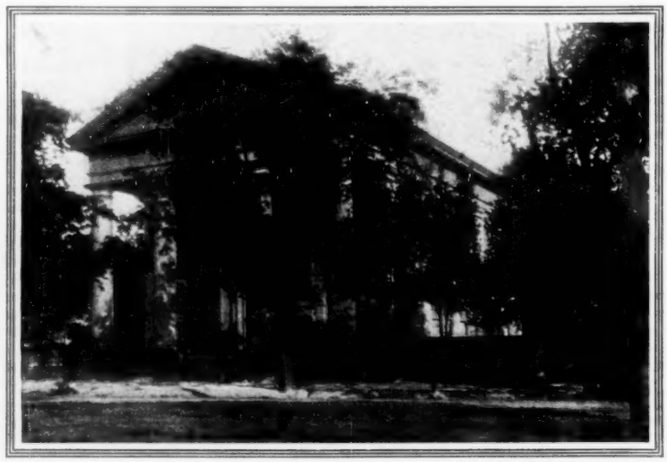
Mrs. Hayne called. She had, she said, but one feeling: pity for those who are not here. Jack Preston, Willie Alston, "the take-life-easys," as they are called, with John Green, "the big brave," have gone down to the islands—volunteered as privates. Seven hundred men were sent over. Ammunition wagons were rumbling along the streets all night. Anderson is burning blue lights, signs and signals for the fleet outside, I suppose.

Dinner over, business began in earnest. Governor Means had rummaged a sword and red sash from somewhere and brought it for Colonel Chesnut, who had gone to demand the surrender of Fort Sumter.

APRIL 12.—Anderson will not capitulate. Mr. Chesnut felt for Anderson and had telegraphed to President Davis for instructions—what answer to give Anderson, etc. He has now gone back to Fort Sumter with additional instructions. At half-past four the heavy booming of a cannon. I sprang out of bed, and on my knees prostrate I prayed as I never prayed before. There was a sound of stir all over the house, pattering of feet in the corridors. All seemed hurrying one way. I put on my double gown and a shawl, and went, too. It was to the housetop. The shells were bursting. In the dark I heard a man say, "Waste of ammunition." I knew my husband was rowing about in a boat somewhere in that dark bay, and that the shells were roofing it over, bursting toward the fort. If Anderson was obstinate Colonel Chesnut was to order the fort on one side to open fire. Certainly fire had begun. The women were wild there on the housetop. Prayers came from the women and imprecations from the men. And then a shell would light up the scene. To-night they say the forces are to attempt to land. We watched up there, and everybody wondered that Fort Sumter did not fire a shot.

The nervous strain is awful. "Richmond and Washington ablaze," say the papers—blazing with excitement. Why not? To us these last days' events seem frightfully great. We were all women on that iron balcony. Men are only seen at a distance now. Stark Means, marching under the piazza at the head of his regiment, held his cap in his hand all the time he was in sight. Mrs. Means was leaning over and looking with tearful eyes, when an unknown creature asked, "Why did he take his hat off?" Mrs. Means stood straight up and said, "He did that in honor of his mother; he saw me." She is a proud mother, and at the same time most unhappy. Her lovely daughter Emma is dying in there, before her eyes, of consumption.

APRIL 13.—Nobody has been hurt, after all. How gay we were last night:



THE OLD BAPTIST CHURCH AT COLUMBIA, WHERE FIRST MET THE SOUTH CAROLINA SECESSION CONVENTION

reaction after the dread of all the slaughter we thought those dreadful cannon were making. Not even a battery the worse for wear. Fort Sumter has been on fire. Anderson has not yet silenced any of our guns. So the aides, still with swords and red sashes by way of uniform, tell us. But the sound of those guns makes regular meals impossible. None of us go to table. Tea-trays pervade the corridors, going everywhere. Some of the anxious hearts lie on their beds and moan in solitary misery. Mrs. Wigfall and I solace ourselves with tea in my room. These women have all a satisfying faith. "God is on our side," they say. When we are shut in Mrs. Wigfall and I ask "Why?" "Of course, He hates the Yankees, we are told. You'll think that well of Him."

Not by one word or look can we detect any change in the demeanor of these negro servants. Lawrence sits at our door, sleepy and respectful, and profoundly indifferent. So are they all, but they carry it too far. You could not tell that they even heard the awful roar going on in the bay, though it has been dinning in their ears night and day. Are they stolidly stupid? or wiser than we are; silent and strong, biding their time?

April 15.—I did not know that one could live such days of excitement. Some one called: "Come out! There is a crowd coming." A mob it was, indeed, but it was headed by Colonel Chesnut and Manning. The crowd was shouting and showing these two as messengers of good news. They were escorted to Beauregard's headquarters. Fort Sumter had surrendered! Those upon the housetops shouted to us: "The fort is on fire!" That had been the story once or twice before.

When we had calmed down, Colonel Chesnut, who had taken it all quietly enough, if anything more unruffled than usual in his serenity, told us how the surrender came about. Wigfall was with them on Morris Island when they saw the fire in the fort; he jumped into a little boat, and with his handkerchief as a white flag, rowed over. Wigfall went in through a porthole. When Colonel Chesnut arrived shortly after, and was received at the regular entrance, Colonel Anderson told him he had need to pick his way warily, for the place was all mined. As far as I can make out the fort surrendered to Wigfall. But it is all confusion. Our flag is flying there. Fire-engines have been sent for to put out the fire. Everybody tells you half of something and then rushes off to tell something else or to hear the last news.

Camden, South Carolina, April —, 1861.—Home again at Mulberry. In those last days of my stay in Charleston I did not find time to write a word.

And so we took Fort Sumter, *nous autres*; we—Mrs. Frank Hampton, and others—in the passageway of the Mills House between the reception-room and the drawing-room, for there we held a sofa against all comers. All the agreeable people South seemed to have flocked to Charleston at the first gun. That was after they had found out that the bombarding did not kill anybody. Captain Ingraham and his kind also took Fort Sumter—from the battery with field-glasses and figures made with their sticks in the sand to show what ought to be done. Wigfall, Chesnut, Miles, Manning, took it rowing about the harbor in small boats from fort to fort under the enemy's guns, bombs bursting in air, etc., etc. And then the boys and men who worked those guns so faithfully at the forts—they took it, too, in their own way.

Old Colonel Beaufort Watts told me this story and many more of the *jeunesse dorée* under fire. They took the fire easily, as they do most things. They had cotton bag bomb-proofs at Fort Moultrie, and when Anderson's shot knocked them about some one called out "Cotton is falling." Then down went the kitchen chimney, loaves of bread flew out, and they cheered gayly, shouting, "Breadstuffs are rising."

Willie Preston fired the shot which broke Anderson's flagstaff. Mrs. Hampton from Columbia telegraphed him, "Well done, Willie!" She is his grandmother, the widow of General Hampton, of the Revolution, and the mildest, sweetest, gentlest of old ladies. This shows how the war spirit is waking us all up.

(Continued on Page 22)

"A Bird in a Gilded Cage"

How Mrs. Knickerbocker's Understudy Found Peace in a Flat

By Emery Pottle

I KNOW all about flats," said I with dignity. "I should think I ought to—I've been incarcerated in them several seasons—and no time off for good behavior. You needn't bother, Anne, to go over the flat failures we've made in our young life. Though I seem to listen, in reality I pay no attention—I don't mind telling you this to avoid recrimination."

"But there are nice flats," protested Anne: "cunning little flats, big, old-fashioned flats, modern-improvement flats, and——"

"Any old place you hang your hat is Home, Sweet Home to me," I sang with some tenderness.

"I'm sure that's very sweet of you, dear," she remarked in a gratified tone; "but I don't care about making the desert blossom as the rose. I'd rather rent a rose-garden at a decent sum a month and let the janitor do the rest."

"All the janitors I ever saw did the rest," said I with conviction. "They rest all day, and especially do they rest all night."

"Don't you think the janitor joke is getting out of repair?" inquired Anne kindly. "And to return to the question: Where *are* we going to live this winter? You moan and sigh every time flat is mentioned. I *won't* live in this boarding-house much longer; if I do I shall bleach my hair and buy me a flowered muslin morning jacket and read Laura Lean Jibbey's novels. I may as well tell you——"

"You have told me. I didn't listen."

"Tell you that I've been to several flats and talked with the men—it's just as well to have more than one iron in the fire——"

"Flatirons?" I murmured. Anne disregarded this, as, indeed, she should have.

"I suppose you'd like to live in a *house*," she continued irritatedly.

"I was born in one," said I, "and I'd like to die in one. I may say that at times I've even cherished a hope of living in one. But, of course, that was before I came to New York."

"I see it all," Anne sighed darkly; "we've again got to go through that awful argument about living in the country all the year around. I've been a good wife to you and I shall hate awfully to leave you, but if it must be—I *will not* live in the country during the——"

"I wasn't suggesting it," I replied virtuously; "but now you've brought up the subject I don't mind bickering about it at all. I'd like to. It's been a dreadfully dismal day. The man under us untied his gramophone and let it play around the house all the afternoon. It's a low, vicious gramophone. I wish some one would step on it. About the country; now——"

But Anne vanished hastily into the next room.

We had come in town mainly because we hadn't stayed in the country. There is rarely ever any logic in our movements. And the question—as Anne called it parliamentarily—was: Where on earth should we live? Pending the settlement of this interesting speculation we had taken rooms in a boarding-house—a thickly-populated resort smelling of fifty-seven varieties of vegetable soup.

I had been politely allowing Anne to relate her experiences in apartment-hunting that afternoon. Not that I was in the least interested. I never am, unless I hunt them myself, and then I get into a regular fever of excitement. It's like going to an auction—you want to buy everything—even the majolica vases.

MRS. KNICKERBOCKER

We continued the discussion of an abode that evening between the acts of a play we went to, and, as the play was stupid, our debate grew slightly acrimonious and tended to expand into other topics that we hold in perpetual reserve for contention. For instance, it's a hard-fought battle, always, over who knows more about Russian literature—Anne or I.

"I'm sick and tired of being poor," I burst out at last. "I want to live in a *house*—a great, immense house full of servants, and pipe-organs, and electric lights, and velvet silence, and champagne, and—and——"

"And glittering jewels," supplied Anne with fascinated mind. "My, I'd like to be a bird in a gilded cage for a while! I'm sick of this talk about proud, pale beauties in a palace of aching hearts—not being what they seem. As a matter of fact, they have a beautiful time."

"Room to walk about and to *breathe* in—that's a house," I continued.

"Servants—not one cross maid. People to open the door for you, to serve the meals properly, to say, 'Madam, the——'"

"'Automobile waits'—yes, and a great library, a music-room, a drawing-room, a——"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Anne. "Isn't it complicated trying to be respectable and yet interesting in a flat?"

As we were leaving the theatre we descried Mrs. Knickerbocker, like a great white peony, filling up the pavement at the entrance. We bowed—with no undue familiarity. There's always the chance that she isn't going to remember you. To our concealed surprise she accosted us affably and let me convoy her to her carriage and push inside the door with modest hand her bubbling ruffles and flounces.

"My dear," she called back to Anne, "come to see me to-morrow without fail! I've just thought of a lovely plan for you and your charming husband. Come about five, dear."

"It's probably something dull and helpful she wants of me—maybe a charity thing," complained Anne as we walked homeward. "I'll have to do it. And it'll take a new gown to accomplish the thing, too—I dare say. When she sends for me to do her charities it nearly bankrupts me."

"Maybe she's going to give us her house in town," I remarked imaginatively.

"Very likely," said Anne absently. "Let's take the car here. I'm wearing holes in my silk stockings. I wonder what she *does* want?"

"Nothing. Or if she does it's probably a silly plan for us to show her the seamy side of literary life—an Authors' Tea, maybe, or a familiar dinner with some of 'em in captivity, and possibly Tony Pastor's theatre in the evening. That's the idea the Knickerbockers have of the life of shame we affect."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Anne.

. . . . . .

"*My dear!* You were *right!*" Anne fairly shouted when I returned the following evening to the smelly boarding-house.

I took it calmly. "I am always right," said I generously; "that's why I'm not President. How did you find it out this time?"

"I've known times——" hinted Anne, but immediately forgot her recollections in the rush of news. "She wants us to have it."

I GATHERED THE FRAGMENTS FROM MY POCKETS RUEFULLY

"Does she, indeed. What a pity, then, we were recently vaccinated; we——"

"*Don't* be funny."

"Oh, if you choose to regard that as humor——" said I affably.

"It's Mrs. Knickerbocker. She wants us——"

"She's always wanting——"

"Us to come and live in their house on Fifth Avenue! For *three months!* While she and Mr. Knickerbocker are *abroad!* Servants and horses and—and—everything all at our disposal! Isn't it perfectly fairy-godmotherish and *wonderful?* Oh, it's good to be born *lucky!* Aren't you *glad* I married you? *Fancy! A whole house!*"

I retired hastily to my bedroom, leaving Anne excitable as a corn-popper. She tracked me unerringly to my retreat in the bedroom closet.

"You're as nasty and stodgy and impassive as—as——" she began violently.

"What's the matter?" said I, emerging from the closet backward.

"Why don't you *say* something? What are you crawling about there for?"

"There isn't anything to say. You're saying it all. There's no use of our both saying it—it's wasteful. As to what I'm crawling about therefore—which is queer English—I'm packing. I'm hunting out my dress-shirts."

"*Shirts!* They aren't there."

"I know they aren't. But they might have been. I thought I'd look, to be sure. Are you *ready?*"

"Ready for *what?*"

"Woman, don't trifle with me. Ready to start."

"For——?"

"Sure—for the cage. Come on."

"Then you want to go—*really?*"

"Anne—you pain and grieve me. Want to go? Why, I'm *there* already. James, me boots! James, me—me—oh, yes, me shaving water; and James——"

Anne dried her tears of laughter. "I hate to recall your wingèd soul from the mansions of the mighty, but there's the dinner-bell—and we don't go until next week Wednesday. . . . I smell that it's vegetable soup again to-night."

. . . . . .

We had been in The House for a week. So far as I know we had conducted ourselves with perfect refinement throughout that time.

I met Anne in the entrance-hall; she was dressed for the street.

"Where are *you* going?" I asked.

"Out. For a walk, I think."

"Why don't you take the victoria?" said I reprovingly.

Anne regarded me listlessly.

"Oh, I don't know—I——" Her voice betrayed a sudden poignant motion. "*I can't* ride in the victoria alone. I—it makes me nervous; I feel like a rich chorus girl."

I nodded sympathetically. "I know what you mean—funny, isn't it?"

"Why don't you go out in the motor car—you will notice I do not call it the automobile?"

"I did go out in it the other day, but I got to thinking what if we should kill a baby, and I should be arrested, and hauled into the police court, and made to tell my real name, and what I was doing in the Knickerbocker automobile. It would be a humiliating thing for me. Besides, I'd rather hate to kill a baby, anyway—they yell so. Finally I asked the man to take me home."

"I know just how *you* felt," said Anne. "Better come for a walk with me."

"No—no, Gladys; I've just had a walk. I've been upstairs to the billiard-room, returning home by way of the picture-gallery and the library. I'm quite tired."

"Then farewell, Harold," said Anne. She departed with languid step.

I ought to say that on taking up our quarters in the Knickerbockers' gilded cage we had deemed it best to discard our common, shabby old names and to adopt Gladys and Harold as more suited to our change in altitude.

Anne suddenly reappeared, a look of annoyance on her face.

"Back again?" said I.

"It's Lambie," she answered coldly. "I forgot him. He needs exercise."

"How thoughtful of you," I returned cheerfully, unmindful of Anne's glance of distrust. "Here comes the lamb doggie now, eating off one of Charles' fingers. Naughty, naughty!"

The footman held out Lambie. Anne thrust him grimly under one arm. He squeaked viciously and tried to bite her.

"If you were *mine*——" the footman and I heard her murmur in a blood-curdling tone as she departed for the street.

"'Every dog has his day,' Charles," said I somewhat fatuously to the footman, thinking I had seen the flicker of a smile in his china eyes.

"Very well, sir. As you say, sir," said he with respectful pity.

I sighed, and went on looking for something shabby in the house—something shabby and friendly.

That evening we sat splendidly in the library—a room arranged tastefully like a catafalque. Magenta velvet curtains hung as a pall around us. We sat in solemn silence for a long time, Anne pretending to read a sickeningly elegant copy of Marie Corelli.

"I'm sorry you don't play anything on the piano except the Battle of Waterloo," said I regretfully.

"Why?"

"I'd love to hear Chopin's Funeral March," I answered.

"Yes; *isn't* it a little gloomy in here? Do you suppose they really *sit* here? I feel so *swathed*. Why don't you *talk?*"

"Talk? What is there to talk about? If I could write cuneiform inscriptions I'd try to communicate with you. But *talk* seems sort of out of place in this room."

"Let's go somewhere else—to the—the——"

"Not the drawing-room, please, Gladys. It's so slippery in there, and the Louis Quinze furniture makes me think of bird-cages. I'm always unconsciously looking for a piece of cuttle-fish wedged in between the chair rungs. Let's go to the music-room."

"What's the use? We can't either of us play, and to use that patent attachment on the pipe-organ seems almost sacrilegious. Music-rooms were never intended for two people."

"True. They're usually filled with the noble army of martyrs," I sighed.

"Well, let's go to the—no, you hate billiards, and the conservatory makes me feel like a cockatoo on a palm."

"We'd better stay here," continued Anne gloomily. "It's less trouble than going about."

"You're not sorry you came here, are you?" said I, later in the evening—it seemed years later.

"*Sorry?* I should think not. Why——"

"Oh, all right. I didn't know but—it *is* a beautiful house, isn't it?"

"Stunning," replied Anne, vaguely regarding the magenta trappings of woe.

"Have you been working much since we came here?" asked Anne abruptly.

I flushed guiltily. "Well—some. But the fact is—you see, it's all so sort of expansive and grand here, your mind runs in Bible phrases till your own thoughts scatter about as cheaply as dice in a box. But I've done a nice poem."

"What is it called?" asked Anne interestedly.

"Lines on the Death of a Very Young Child; and I've got another started: An Ode to Sadness."

"Oh," she commented briefly, sinking back into apathy.

"They aren't exactly cheerful," I explained pleasantly. "In fact, they're quite the——"

"I gathered that. What's that noise?"

"Revelry by night. Joy seems to be uncoffined for a time. Sounds rather nice, eh?"

"It's in the servants' hall! Something must be done."

A loud burst of menial mirth assailed our ears, with sounds of the scuffling of feet.

"Something *is* being done, it appears," said I cautiously.

"You must go down and tell them to stop *at once*." Anne was very firm.

"I don't see why——"

"Because it is your duty as——"

"*Caretaker?* I don't think it would be quite polite to interfere with——"

"You *must* go."

"But, I say, it may be only a natural ebullition of spirits——"

"That's what I suspect."

"A christening; or perhaps an engagement; or a fortune—you can't tell. I don't think we ought——"

"But, dear——"

"I know, Gladys, but——"

"You're not afraid?"

"No, I'm *not* afraid—at least not exactly. Only I don't know *how* to *do* it. Why don't *you* go?"

"I would, only I don't want to offend the cook. She might poison us," said Anne miserably.

We giggled quietly at each other and stole furtively away to bed.

"I must say," said I diffidently, "I don't altogether object to the servants having a rough-house. It rather livens——"

"Ye-es, it is just a bit *quiet*—at times. Isn't it?"

"Oh, at times. I say, Gladys, let's ask Appleby and Lily up for dinner and the night. They're always so jolly and full of fun. They'd wake us up. We're a little dismal—weather, I fancy."

"Oh, by all means. That's a bully idea. We'll telephone them the first thing in the morning."

The Applebys came. I knew they would. Appleby is the kind of person who unerringly turns up at a party even if all the others stay away by reason of battle, or murder, or sudden death, or peril at sea.

"It'll be jolly to have them," Anne remarked as we awaited their arrival in the catafalque. "I—I think I've missed people a little. One doesn't see many one knows in this part of town."

"I should think not," said I.

"By George, old man," cried Appleby, bursting in upon us. "You've got things coming your way, eh? Better be lucky, you know, than rich; eh, Lily? Guess you feel like J. P. Morgan up here—not much like that little flat you had last. Cold? No, not a bit. Gad, that's a fine thing, that deer's head."

The Knickerbocker butler stood with the ashen face of polite scorn and the pale eye of calm compassion—listening to Appleby. Anne and I talked—almost screamed to drown out Appleby and Lily.

"My, Anne, how smart your gown looks! Oh, you did get that lace collar for it, after all? I told you it would make the gown look like new."

It was no use. We weren't really snobbish—only we had to live with those servants for the next three months.

"I'M NOT CRYING. OH, THE APPLEBYS WILL NEVER FORGIVE US!"

"Dinner is served." The butler might as well have cried out prophetically, "Oh, generation of Pharisees!" It had the same chastening effect. We drooped in to dinner, considerably dampened in spirits.

It wasn't what you might call a gay little dinner. In fact there aren't many nice names you could call it by. I've never believed much in the theories of exchanged personalities—at least not until that night. Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde had appealed to me only in an alien, intellectual way. But sitting there in Mr. Knickerbocker's own massive chair I was nervously conscious of an awful change going on inside me. I tried to resist it.

Appleby was breaking silences much as one breaks through ice in an excited attempt to get on a firm piece. It seemed to me that Anne was acting very queerly toward Lily Appleby. She was constantly saying, "Ah, indeed," and "My dear, how funny you are!" in a way that was strangely and irritatingly familiar to me.

"By George," said Appleby, "that's a nice little thing over there." He pointed.

"It ought to be," said I brusquely. "It cost $2000."

Anne looked at me with astonished scorn. Appleby let his breath escape slowly through his pursed lips.

"Anne," began Lily confidentially, "we're planning the jolliest party next week. We want you both to come; we're going to a funny old restaurant down on the lower West Side and hear real Armenian music and——"

"How very curious," remarked Anne in a disgusting tone. Lily looked at her and, I believe, was on the point of tossing her head. Anne turned violently red.

"What's that picture over there?" asked Appleby, taking new life, and gulping his champagne.

"It's very valuable," I explained in a loud voice. "It's a Corot. Cost $10,000."

Anne frowned at me blackly. I shifted uneasily. Appleby was diminishing, I thought, like wine wasting from a barrel, and no way to stop the leakage. Suddenly he bored me. I wondered why on earth we had invited him.

Lily looked perplexed. Her face was reddening angrily. Anne kept on babbling patronizingly. I've never known her so hopeless.

Somehow, the thing ended, and we went into the library again.

I never intended to say it. I could have bitten my tongue when the words were out.

"Wouldn't you like to see the conservatory?" said I. And, shameful moment! Anne was saying the same thing to Lily!

I don't know how the evening ended. I don't dare think of it. Anne and I grew more and more self-conscious every instant. We assumed airs and graces, as if we'd got them at a bargain counter. We were detached and unresponsive. We were insufferable and kind. And all the while we knew we were destroying our honest friendship with Lily Appleby and her husband. I talked coarsely to Appleby of the cost of everything. I even showed him things in the rooms and explained them. Finally he broke away sullenly and tramped up and down for an hour glaring at the furniture like a sheriff.

Lily departed for bed early. She was cold and awfully polite about it. Her head ached, she said. They were sorry, she remarked with dignity, but they had to take an early train home—they couldn't breakfast with us. She grew quite incoherent when we told her the maids would serve breakfast in her room.

Appleby, looking like a lost dog, went up, too, presently, after a handsome attempt to interest me in a description of his new aluminum putter. He used dictionary words I never knew he guessed the meaning of. Also he refused a drink before retiring. The whole business was dreadful.

"It's an impressive home," he kept repeating helplessly. Even when Lambie flew at him and bit him in the leg he separated the animal from him much as a father unwinds his daughter's arms from his neck and gives her to the bridegroom.

As soon as we were alone I turned hotly upon Anne.

"Well, you *did* do it, didn't you?" said I.

She regarded me with contempt.

"*I?* You were so offensive I nearly died of shame."

"*I?* Didn't I hear you do Mrs. Knickerbocker to Lily till it was a family scandal. You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said I severely. "*I, indeed!*"

"*You* were exactly like Mr. Knickerbocker, only *much worse*."

"*Your* manner—not your manners, Anne, you showed none—was enough to make poor Lily——"

Anne burst into tearful laughter.

"Don't laugh. Great goodness, it's awful. We *like* the Applebys. And now see what we've gone and done. It's the fault of this cursed old house. You were the one who——"

Anne plucked up spirit. "Who said, 'Want to go? I *am* there! James—me——'" Her voice trickled into a muddy rill of tears.

"There's no use——"

"I'm *not* crying. Oh, the Applebys will never forgive us!"

"It'll serve us right. Anne, we're——"

"I know it. We're——"

"That's what——"

"Fools."

"Idiots."

"Poor Lily."

"Poor old Appleby."

We gripped hands and sat miserably alone in the vaulted drawing-room.

In the middle of the night Lily came reluctantly to Anne's bedroom to ask which buttons she ought to push to put out the electric lights in her room. It seems she'd got them all going and couldn't get them out—and she wasn't used to sleeping in the limelight, she said. She was afraid she'd turn on the burglar alarm if she did anything inadvisedly. Anne put out the illumination.

WE SAT IN SOLEMN SILENCE FOR A LONG TIME, ANNE PRETENDING TO READ A SICKENINGLY ELEGANT COPY OF MARIE CORELLI

. . . . . .

"I'm very sorry," said Anne some days later. "But I *have* to."

"I'm sorry, too," said I politely. "Do you *really* have to?"

"It's clothes. I must have more of them. This house demands it. Only to-day—oh, I'd rather not talk of it. Mrs. Knickerbocker's nieces came to call. Their gowns were—my dear, such lace! They made me feel like the housekeeper. I had a dreadful time. Oh, I wish I didn't care about things so much! A house is so expensive. I'd like to be strong-minded and wear your neckties——"

"You'd better not. I can tell you," said I hastily.

"And a billycock hat and——"

"I've been thinking about a new frock coat," I murmured. "My own looks so common in these mirrors around here."

We sat and gazed at each other solemnly for a long time.

"Have you any money?" I asked hopefully.

"No—I—I gave it all to the servants," Anne flushed.

"They've got all mine, too." I was very depressed. "I was so—so lonely I hoped I could buy their friendship. But I think they don't like me—maybe I'm not a nice fellow. I was gay and happy once, though, like them. Strange how servants hold themselves aloof from their—what is the word that describes us, Anne?"

"Dependents," said Anne.

"At least we have a nice home and plenty to eat," said I brightly. Anne did not respond.

"I may as well tell you—oh, did you exercise the hell-hound to-day, Anne?"

"I did not. I couldn't. I mean I couldn't find him." She eyed me sharply. "Do you know—where is he? You haven't——"

"It's a sad story. I wasn't going to tell you, but I may as well. Lambie is in the bathroom off the blue room. He's been there a long time—all day. He bit me once too often—my legs are a sight. I was going to kill him quietly and bury him in the drawing-room under the palms. Just as I was about to strangle him Charles walked by and I had to pretend to be petting him—Lambie, you know, not Charles. At that the nasty beast bit me horribly somewhere, and I jumped and broke a dinky little vase. That's all, I think."

"Where is the vase?" demanded Anne.

"I have it in my pocket—there's no other place to put it."

"Let me see it."

I gathered the fragments from my pockets ruefully.

"It's nothing much," said I defiantly.

"We're ruined," cried Anne in the low voice of horror. "Cloisonné—that's all. Fifty dollars if it cost a cent. I saw one like it in a shop yesterday. You'll have to buy it to-morrow."

"I won't."

"You *must*."

"I wish I was dead!" said I hotly. "You know, Anne, we can't possibly afford to pay people for their things we break—it's extravagant. Be a good fellow and don't tell. To-morrow I'll take out the pieces and bury them in Harlem."

"I could never face Mrs. Knickerbocker again. You'll *have* to get a new one—another. When she comes back—we'll—go to live in Chinatown or Weehawken. Oh, it's awful, isn't it?"

I looked at Anne steadily for a long instant. She bore it for a moment with spirit, then she collapsed.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she laughed hysterically. "Take me out of this cage! Can't we go somewhere—we two? Somewhere where the janitor will insult us, and our clothes will look dressed up, and we can laugh out loud, and people will come and drink all the claret and smoke all the cigars, and where I won't have to——"

I patted Anne's hand kindly.

"Old lady——" I began gently.

There was a horrid yelping from the upper stories.

"I'm going up to kill it," I muttered. "Oh, is that you, Charles? Lambie? Ah, locked in the bathroom? Curious. I suppose he was taking a bath—No? Oh, yes, you may leave him here. . . . Good doggie."

We took to going out early in the morning and staying around, fairly asking people to have us for luncheon. We would dine at cheap restaurants rather than go home. We went to plays we hated and couldn't afford, just to be out of that majestic house. Once we spent six hours in the Eden Musée. We even planned desperately a trip to my Aunt Julia's; but I'm glad to say we gave that up. The less said about Aunt Julia the better.

We'd had six weeks of it when Anne came into the library late in the afternoon. She seemed almost cheerful—cheerful, but guilty.

"What have you been doing?" she demanded instantly.

I blushed. "Why do you adopt that you-ate-the-canary tone?" said I cautiously. "What have *you* been doing?"

Anne hesitated. "I—I've been walking about."

"So have I. About a million miles."

Her eyes twinkled. "Did you like them?"

I was off my guard. "My dear girl, there was *one*—what do you mean by did I *like* them?"

She stooped down before the fire and unloosened her fur—not furs: there is only one of it. Her face was almost hidden. But I know she smiled, anyhow—you can tell it by the way the little curls on her neck shake.

"I was going in as you came out. You had on your 'Landlord, show the flat' look, and I knew you didn't——"

I grasped her by the hand. "You, too, Anne? Oh, by Jove!" And we laughed our first real laugh since we had been in the gilded cage.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Charles at the door; "did you call, sir?"

"No, I didn't. I *laughed!*"

"Very good, sir."

(Concluded on Page 21)

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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A FINE BLUE FUME, WITH AN AROMATIC ODOR, BEGAN TO RISE IN THE ROOM

CHAPTER XXXI

ASPASIA awoke from a heavy, dreamless sleep with a sense of panic. Her heart was beating violently. She sat up in bed, listening eagerly, through the hammering of her pulses.

It is the nature of such old haunted places as Saltwoods that they impress you with their stillness by day and their stirring by night. Then the old boards creak as if to the tread of forgotten steps; old echoes answer to voices long silent; there is a rustle down the narrow passages as of garments the very texture of which is forgotten; there are sighs in the night airs, and little cold blasts wandering around corners, even on the stillest night. You tell yourself that it is the crumbling brick and woodwork settling ever a little more toward destruction; but it seems rather as if the years-laden habitation had acquired a sentient being of its own; that when, like the aged, it lies wakeful in the night, the memories of the past come back to it; that it laments, with sighs, lost life, lost mirth, lost dignity.

But Baby would at no time have had, in her practical young mind, room for such fancies as these; and now the very real, well-grounded fears which were strong upon her lent every stealthy creak about her a hideous, material significance, every sighing breath the echo of a present tragedy.

Supposing Muhammed were really to creep into the Runkle's room — Sir Arthur might not have locked his door. It is all very well, in a fit of rage, to wish an irritating relative disposed of; it is a very different thing to wake in the middle of the night and think of the murderer at his work. Poor old Runkle . . .! Or, suppose Lady Gerardine were to do herself a mischief, were to . . . there are ideas to which one cannot bear to give concrete shape, even in one's own imagination.

The girl lit a candle, sprang out of bed, and huddled on a dressing-gown. How foolish, how selfish, how wicked she had been to leave the fevered woman alone with Jani — Jani, the most helpless and unreasoning of human beings!

The old house might have been in league with the evil passions it housed that night, so loudly did it seem to protest against Aspasia's interference.

Heard any one ever door so groan on its hinges, ever boards so complain under tread of light foot? What menacing shadows leaped from every corner! It was enough to scare any less courageous heart from its purpose. But on went Baby, down the little stairs, past Lady Aspasia's door (the creature snored — it was quite what Baby expected of her), around the corner of the passage, past Sir Arthur's little room. What a dead silence in there! She was afraid to listen to the suggestion, and scurried by, past M. Châtelard's room. Her aunt's door at last in sight! Baby stopped with a great start, her heart in her mouth, the candle almost dropping from her grasp. What was that black thing lying at such sinister length across the threshold? A heap of clothes? . . . Jani? No — diminutive Jani could never spread to such bulk.

The thing moved slowly, reared itself to its knees, turned a wild, black head, a wild, black-bearded face, fierce eyes, toward Aspasia; then rose with a spring.

Aspasia, in her mind, flung the light from her and ran into the darkness, shrieking: "The panther, the panther!" But Aspasia, in the flesh, stood rooted to the spot, in a paralysis of terror, unable to move a muscle.

The thing came close to her on its noiseless feet. And she saw that the panther was Muhammed. This was no surprise; she had known it.

But under his disheveled locks, from out of the barbaric wings of his beard, the savage being's face was gazing upon her — as it gradually filtered to her panic-stricken mind — with no sort of savageness; rather, indeed, a gentle, a pathetic anxiety.

"Miss Cuningham . . ." said the Pathan.

To her bewildered ears it was the voice of no Pathan that spoke, but the high-bred accents of an English gentleman. The girl rubbed her eyes with her left hand. ("Wake up, Aspasia, wake up. You are still asleep, and in the middle of some ridiculous dream.")

"Miss Cuningham," pursued the dream creature that was panther and Pathan, and yet looked and spoke like one of her own sober kin, "are you going to her?"

"I was going," answered the girl, abandoning herself to her dream. Then she began suddenly to tremble, and, with knees giving way beneath her, advanced uncertainly toward the door, all her energies bent on reaching safety within. But he, with an outflung gesture of prayer, cried to her, in that low English voice that was so amazing, yet which, in spite of its incongruity, soothed her frantic fear.

"In pity, stop one second. Do you hear how she is crying within? Tell me, what is her trouble?" And, as Baby fell from amazement to amazement, as even in dreams one falls, and could find no thought, much less words for answer, he went on in his pleading undertone: "Is the old man not good to her? Oh, do not stop to wonder why I should ask you! Answer me, in the name of God, as one fellow-creature to another: Whom or what is she mourning for?"

Aspasia saw how, between the sweep of his mustache and the great fans of his beard, the man's lips quivered as he spoke; she felt his haggard eyes imploring, compelling; and she made answer, as she was bidden, "as one fellow-creature to another," with a solemnity which she herself was scarce aware of:

"She is mourning for her dead husband."

When she had spoken Baby had a vision, so swift that she had hardly time to seize it, of Muhammed's eyes lightening upon her with an extraordinary illumination. The next instant he had dropped his lids. Then he turned and, running, left her; and she heard the crazy boards creak, the stairs groan under his flying, unshod feet.

Utter chaos possessed her thoughts as she turned the handle of the locked door and gently knocked, calling upon Jani; the fantastic terrors of her inexplicable experience and the sounds of Rosamond's moans and sobs within driving her to urgency. As, still in a sort of nightmare, she found herself repeating her own phrase to the Pathan, and an odd speech of her aunt's, as if in answer to it: "She is mourning for her dead husband. . . . He is not really dead, Baby . . ."

Here an idea so extraordinary, so utterly impossible, suddenly tapped at her brain that, added to all the rest, a new fear of her own self came upon her.

"I think I am going mad, too," said the poor child to herself. "Jani, Jani," she cried louder, "let me in!"

And Jani, hearing, did so — this time, it seemed, with alacrity.

The candles on Lady Gerardine's dressing-table had been lit, and the portrait on the panel was in full illumination.

Rosamond was crouching in bed, her head on her knees, her hair in long strands about her. She did not move upon Aspasia's entrance; she did not seem to have heard it. Now and again a moan escaped her.

"Why did you not call me?" cried the girl, turning angrily upon Jani.

The ayah shook her head; her face was wrinkled into a thousand lines of dismay. She made a helpless gesture with both hands.

"Has she been like that all night?" asked Aspasia.

"All night," answered Jani, adding apologetically: "Quieter now."

"Quiet!" echoed Baby.

Quiet! It was indeed this very quietude of suffering that terrified her. From such an extremity of pain she felt herself separated by all her own young vitality as from death itself. Here the science of her heart failed her. This inert woman, moaning like a suffering animal, seemed something horribly different from her beautiful aunt. Baby dared not touch her; she could not even find a word for her.

"Speak to her, you, Jani," she whispered.

Jani obediently approached the bed and, bending toward her mistress, poured forth a flood of Hindustani. Failing to make an impression, she seized the clasped hands in her clawlike grip and shook them.

Then Rosamond raised her head and turned a vacant look. Her face was drawn beyond recognition; Baby saw a slow tear gather and roll down into the open mouth. Anything more forlorn, more hopeless, the girl thought she had never beheld. As the golden head drooped once more into its broken attitude, Baby, her own tears springing scalding to her eyes, turned determinedly to Jani.

"I will get old Mary," she cried; and, seizing her candle again, pattered from the room, all her previous terrors swallowed up in the single huge anxiety. Instinctively Aspasia felt that if Lady Gerardine's reason, nay, her life itself, were to be saved, help must be forthcoming. And the only help she could think of was that of the mystic, sorrow-experienced, old servant of the family.

Old Mary, whose spirit seemed already a dweller of those regions where, from the point of view of the eternal, nothing finite can surprise, was soon ready at Aspasia's summons.

"Yes, Miss Cuningham, I'll come. Eh, the poor lady! Don't you fret yourself, miss; she's in God's hands."

The very sight of her, so promptly robed in her every-day black with the white cap tied under her chin, and the familiar little shawl over her shoulders, was enough to inspire confidence. Baby's tremors were calming down into hopefulness when they entered Lady Gerardine's room together.

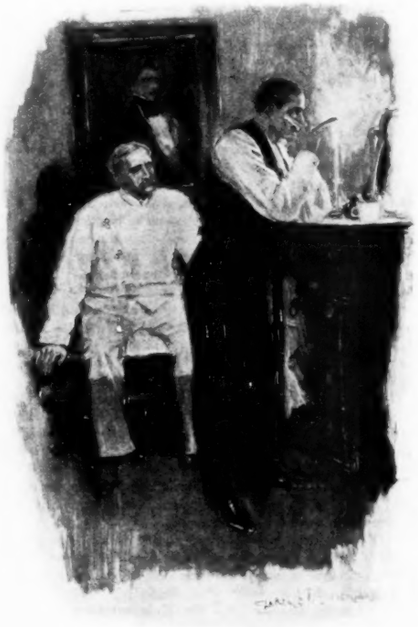
"Eh, the poor lady," cried old Mary again, after one glance at the bed. Then she approached, and took her mistress' hands into hers: "My lady," she said, "what ails you?"

If anything could have called Rosamond back from her deep slough of despond it was this appellation from lips that had hitherto so sweetly acknowledged her only as widow. The voice and words pierced to her brain.

"Why do you call me that?"

"My lady!"

The arrival of Sir Arthur Gerardine had made a distinct impression upon the housekeeper's half-dreaming mind.



BETHUNE SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE BED AND WATCHED THE PASSING OF SAIF-U-DIN AND THE RISING OF HARRY ENGLISH FROM THE DEAD

Lady Gerardine wrenched her hands from the withered clasp and clapped them over her ears.

"My lady! my lady!" she cried wildly. "I am not Lady Gerardine—I never was Lady Gerardine; I am Mrs. English, Mrs. English. Don't you know it?"

"Ma'am!" ejaculated old Mary, while Aspasia nipped her arm with warning fingers.

"Oh, Mary," wailed Rosamond, and broke into a storm of sobs, "do you think he will ever understand, do you think he will ever forgive me? Oh, Mary, you who have felt his presence here, ask him—ask him if he will forgive me!"

Now Mary hardly needed Aspasia's agitated whispers; she had understood. Her blue eyes became illumined.

"In God's Heaven," she said solemnly, "where dwell the happy spirits who have entered into life, all is peace and understanding—there is no need to forgive. Eh, ma'am," she went on, while Rosamond stifled her sobs to hang upon her words, "do you think these poor things of earth can hurt those who have gone before? In Heaven there is no marriage or giving in marriage."

A moment Rosamond stared with blazing eyes; then she struck at the woman with both hands.

"How dare you!" she cried hoarsely. "How dare you! Out of my sight! I want none of your God who can make such cruel laws, none of your Heaven that can hold such coldness. Oh, Harry, Harry, Harry! Somewhere you are. Hear me—come to me. Come!"

Fiercely, as if madness were indeed upon her, she flung her glance from one to the other of the helpless watchers.

"I must see him! Send old Mary away; she is keeping him from me. Send her away. Harry, Harry, come to me. Tell me you forgive me. . . . Jani, your people can raise the dead, they say. Call him back to me. By your gods or your devils call his spirit to me. Jani, will you let your child die and not help her?"

The fluent Hindustani of her childhood rushed back to her lips. Aspasia, after having huddled old Mary out of sight, stood, feeling again as if one hideous dream had been succeeded by another still more hideous; feeling, while the unknown cry rang out, and the dear voice grew hoarse and feeble, more abjectly useless herself than in her teeming energy she could ever have thought possible. All at once the ayah, who had listened at first bewildered, then with an air of darkling attention, suddenly interrupted the failing accents of her mistress by a few harsh words.

Rosamond fell back upon her pillows with a sigh of exhaustion. The Hindu turned and went stealthily from the room, and Aspasia sank into a chair; her limbs would no longer support her.

Rosamond lay very still, almost like death, the girl thought, her eyelids only half closed over her dulled eyes. Never had minutes seemed so interminable; never silence so charged with boding sounds, as during this span of expectation. Never would Aspasia know whether it were hours or minutes that she sat, expecting she knew not what.

At length the shuffling tread of the ayah sounded without the door, and Jani entered. She had thrown a long white veil over her head, and between her hands she held the chafing-dish in which she was wont to cook her own food. The glimmer of the hot charcoal shone fitfully on her dark, intent face. A thrill of superstitious terror ran through Aspasia.

"Jani," she cried, catching at the woman's veil, "what are you going to do?" She thought the black eyes were lit with an evil spark as they looked back at her.

"Do my Missie Sahib's will," whispered Jani.

Baby gave a shivering cry.

"Oh—but, Jani, no one can call back the dead."

Jani was crouching before the hearth. Without replying, she set her little tripod and balanced the earthen pan on the top of it. In this lay divers herbs and other substances unknown to the watcher. A fine blue fume, with an aromatic odor, began to rise in the room.

Suddenly Jani looked up from her manipulations and spoke again. It was a belated answer to the girl's expostulation.

"Who knows," said she in her slow, difficult English, "where the spirits dwell, or how close they live to us? I will pray my gods! And you, Missie Sahib, pray yours—pray hard that she may have her wish."

The aromatic steam rose and circled. Jani drew a bag from her bosom and began to shake its contents over the pan.

"See, missie, see," she went on, her eyes fixed, "this is the good medicine. Behold, Missie Sahib shall dream, and in her dream she shall be happy." She folded her hands, rocked herself backward and forward, low croonings and mutterings escaping from her lips—now like her who soothes a babe to rest, now with a passionate, hypnotic fervor as before one of her own world-old shrines. Once she called sharply to Aspasia: "Pray, pray!"

Then Aspasia folded her hands and obediently began to pray. Her first thought was to plead that she and her aunt be protected against what evil might be called into being by these unholy Eastern doings. She heard Rosamond turn in the bed, and saw dreamily, through the floating mists, that she was lying with her eyes fixed on the burning charcoal. Then the girl's thoughts began to wander. She would find herself earnestly petitioning for something, wanting something; and suddenly become aware that she knew not what it was. From where she sat the illumined portrait of Harry English looked down upon her; as once before in the dusk, it now, through the vapors, began to assume airs of life—seemed to smile, to frown. The lips quivered; then she told herself they spoke; the very words were ringing in her ears.

"In God's name, tell me who is she mourning for?" It was no longer a picture—it was a living presence. Baby's eyelids drooped; her ideas grew less and less coherent. Finally it was the merest wisps of consciousness that floated through her brain. The old house seemed to hold its breath as in expectation. The stillness seemed to become palpable.

Presently, through her stupor, she felt herself called by a moaning voice and made painful clutches toward consciousness. She knew that Rosamond wanted her, and struggled bravely in spirit to break the bonds that held the body.

"Oh," pleaded the voice, "he is dead indeed, and it is I who have made him dead: Harry—Harry!"

. . . . . .

All at once Aspasia found herself awake—a blast of cold air had rushed into the drowsy, secret atmosphere. The door had been flung open and one had entered—a man who came with quick, clean tread, whose face was pale, as if indeed risen from the dead, but whose eyes shone with a wonderful light of life.

THE WOMAN IN THE BED REARED HERSELF UP WITH OUTFLUNG ARMS

The woman in the bed reared herself up with outflung arms, and as he who entered went straight to her she cast herself upon his breast with a great cry:

"Oh, Harry, Harry, Harry!"

Such a cry had the walls of the manor-house surely never held before. It might have been the voice of all the anguish and all the ecstasies it had known these centuries. It rang around the old walls; every echo took it up and answered it, as if they had been waiting for it.

CHAPTER XXXII

BETHUNE had soon packed his simple baggage; then he went straight to bed, setting his will upon sleep, against thought.

But what mind perturbed can command repose? Every ugly demon of disquiet that his situation could breed took form and sat beside him on the narrow bed. Three there were of a special torment. One with the eyes of hatred that Lady Gerardine had fixed upon him that evening. A twin demon that forever repeated in his ear: "You should have died that he might live." And a third, whose face was veiled, whose immutable hand pointed toward the empty, sandy desert of the future.

When at last, far on in the watches of the night, sleep did fall upon him, it was in trouble and confusion of mind—a dream-struggle with fate, more painful even than the reality.

He was back in the midst of the siege—one of the starving, thirst-plagued, harassed garrison. They were hard pressed, piling sandbags on a newly defiladed rampart, but his men were a leaden weight upon him. He could not stir them to activity; when he tried to shout orders or expostulation he could bring forth nothing but a whisper. Always the barricades melted away beneath his touch, his very rifle twisted like wax when he handled it, and then there sprang into the breach Muhammed Saif-u-din, one of an endless chain of leaping swordsmen; and Muhammed stood with folded arms smiling at him ironically.

Once again the siege. They were going to bury Vane. A file of little Goorkhas were picking the grave, and he was working at it, too, with the shot whistling overhead. Never was grave so hard to dig. They toiled, it seemed to him, for years, and still the stones rolled back into the hole and all was to begin again. Then suddenly it was ready: they were lowering the stiff figure, rolled in a cerement of tent canvas, into the shallow ditch. And a flap of the cloth fell back from over the face of the dead. It was not the face of Vane, but the face of Harry English. Then, with the awful knowledge of the dreamer, Bethune knew that Harry was not dead. But when he tried to call out to the others to stop, again he had no voice. He saw a little brown Goorkha twist the cloth over the countenance. They began shoveling the stony earth upon his friend; and while he felt in his own lungs the suffocation of him that is buried alive, a voice said in his ear: "What is it to you? You, who should have died that he might live!"

The suffocation continued so intense as to drown in physical torture even the workings of the over-active brain. Then, out of the blank, dream consciousness struggled back to him.

And again it was the siege. He was on his hard and narrow couch; it was the middle of the night; there was a great, anxious rumor about him; sentries were calling; the enemy were upon them. In spite of anguished struggle, Bethune remained bound, hand and foot, while never had his spirit been more vividly awake. He could hear the running footsteps of the men in the passages, the thud, thud of the soft-shod Easterns. He could hear some one break into his room, hear himself called: "Raymond, Raymond!" And with the curious double personality of the sleeper, he told himself that it was years since any one had called him by that name—long and forlorn years of solitary life.

"Raymond!" called the voice, and the red light as of a torch burned through his closed eyelids. "Wake, Raymond!"

He knew who it was. It was Harry, his comrade, who wanted him in the danger. What shame to be sleeping at such a moment!

Bethune wrenched himself from his pillow and sat upright. The room was full of light to his dazzled eyes; and the voice, the voice of Harry English, was still ringing in his ears.

Muhammed Saif-u-din, who had been bending over the bed, one hand on the sleeper's shoulder, withdrew his touch and straightened himself. In his left hand he held a candle. The light flickered upon his dense, black beard. But he was turbanless, and the tossed, crisp hair was boyishly loose over his brow. His eyes were fixed upon Bethune, and Bethune stared back. Then Muhammed spoke:

"Raymond," he said.

For a moment that was heavier in the scales of time than most hours of men's lives, the two plunged their gaze into each other.

"You!" said Bethune in a whisper.

A dream! Another dream to torture! Nay, no dream this time; he was awake. The unbelievable had happened. The grave had yawned and given out a living man. Harry English was alive. He had come back from the bourne whence no traveler returns, to claim his own—to claim his wife. As in a sudden vision, more vivid than any of his troubled fancies had been to-night, Bethune saw them in each other's arms, and was himself stabbed through and through by daggers of fire—he, the man whose misery it was to love his friend's wife! . . .

The dead had heard her call. He could see it all now with horrible lucidity. All was clear to him. He himself had brought Lady Gerardine, the forgetful, back to the memory of her love. She had called, and Harry had come.

And here he stood, Harry English, looking into his friend's eyes, reading his friend's soul. Suddenly Bethune grew cold to the marrow.

He would have given everything he had, his life by inches, to be able at that instant to veil those telltale eyes of his. But in vain; he could not drop the lids between them. At last, with a short laugh, Harry English turned away and released him, and Bethune covered his face with his hands.

Oh, life, more cruel than death! These two had been closer than brothers; it was eternity itself that was giving them back to each other. And thus did they meet.

"Bethune," said he that had been the Pathan, in brief, decided accents which once again whirled Raymond back to

(Continued on Page 20)

Roosevelt and Corporation Reform

Practical Problems for the Investing Public

By CHARLES G. DAWES

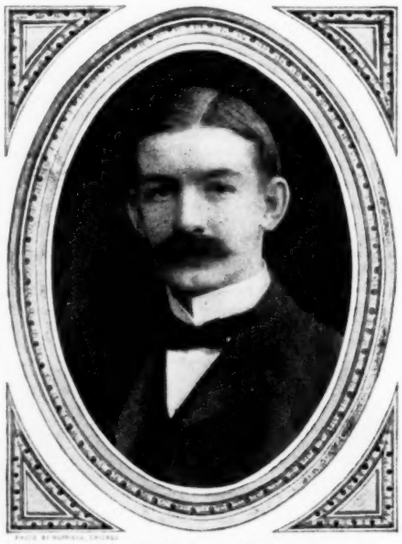
Former Comptroller of the Currency

THERE is at present in this country much talking on the subject of corporations and the creators of corporations. This is natural enough, for not only is the subject important, but inactive men and inert things do not interest other men in this rushing day, and the business critic, to get his audience, must swing his battle-axe at the doers and not at the drones. The world gives quick applause to the reckless critic. To the young man, ambitious to be known, the swift road to public notice is through denunciation of the work or personality of others. The long, hard road to general public respect may commence in criticism, but it must be honest criticism designed to destroy evils, not simply individuals except as necessarily involved in the destruction of evils, and then this road must lead to constructive efforts and finally to the patient bearing of the criticism of others—for it is the doer of things who now and always must stand, as in the past, the shining mark for both the fair and the unfair critic.

This article is to be no defense of the abuses of corporations, or of the persons who may have abused the powers given by corporation laws to the injury of their fellows. Nor is it to be a criticism of the critics. But, owing largely to the usual psychological effects of long-continued prosperity upon trends of public thought, criticism is running riot in the country, as it did in 1892 and many other times in our past, much of it being useful, but much of it exceedingly harmful, to the public good. In such circumstances there is no reason why simple methods of thought are less valuable or less needed now than at those past times in our commercial history. If as individuals we feel that common-sense is a remedy for our undue mental excitement we need fear harm at no time from an overdose of it. The critic has so large a share of the field of public attention in these days that many people seem drifting toward wrong notions of the modern corporation, coming to regard it as something of a menace instead of a fine product of centuries of commercial evolution—still imperfect, to be sure, but one of the greatest agencies in upbuilding the general prosperity and happiness of the race that the world has known. This, in my judgment, comes from the refusal in current discussions to consider what portion of present abuses are due to the business device called a corporation and could not exist without it, and what are due to perverted human nature and therefore will exist as long as human nature does—corporations or no corporations. Let us consider this matter with the purpose of getting clearer ideas of what abuses of corporations can be remedied by our laws, and from what abuses nothing but our common-sense as individuals can save us.

For our purpose we will define a corporation as a modern device which provides for the division of the ownership, risks, profits and control of a property or business among the individuals owning and operating it, and then collectively represents them and their successors or assigns in relations to the public. The corporation owes its existence, among other things, to the impracticability of the cooperation of many owners under copartnership agreements or contracts. It is most essential to remember that a corporation is inherently a contract among men. The nature of the contract differs in different corporations, and hardly any two corporations are exactly alike. Now, a corporation may be created to carry out a fair contract between men or an unfair one. If we as a people did more in translating into terms of simple contract the propositions designed to be effected through incorporations, we should not only lose less money to tricksters, but should distinguish more between evils due to corporation laws and the device, and those due to the particular corporation under complaint.

In the vast majority of cases in corporations complained of the trouble arises from the translation into corporate terms of an unfair proposition as between the individuals interested, not from watered stock or alleged defects in corporation laws. Let us construct one or two corporate equations from their simplest terms—in other words, translate the relations of individuals into corporate relations of classes of stockholders similarly situated. As one of the fundamentals of this kind of financial mathematics we will find that we cannot extract a fair contract from an unfair corporation, and, conversely, cannot construct a fair corporation from an unfair contract. And it may be said here that a good many of our successful corporations, as well as corporation promotions, will not stand the test of such analysis, and that many unsuccessful ones will stand it. An "unfair" corporation may be successful and make money. A "fair" corporation may be unsuccessful and lose money. But, other things being equal, the "fair" corporation survives, and the form of analysis which we are endeavoring to point out will help the investor to distinguish it from its unfair neighbor.



CHARLES G. DAWES

Now to illustrate: A, of long and special business experience, desires further to develop by new capital a successful plant and business worth $200,000. B, with $500,000 capital and confidence in A, wants an interest in the business, bringing a certain income combined with safety for his principal. He is willing to take less income from the business than A in consideration of a less degree of risk and A's management. As a fair partnership agreement, A and B draw up a contract providing:

1. That B's contribution of $500,000 to the business shall first receive out of the profits six per cent., and in case of dissolution shall be paid back out of the partnership assets before A receives anything.
2. That A is then to have, out of the profits remaining, six per cent. on the $200,000 property and business contributed by him, and, in case of dissolution, shall receive his $200,000 back after B has received his $500,000 and interest.
3. That any profits over and above the six per cent. before provided for both A and B shall be divided in the ratio of two-thirds to A and one-third to B, and that, in case of dissolution, the surplus left after the repayment with interest of the respective contributions to the business as before provided shall be divided in the same ratio.
4. That A is to have sole charge and conduct of the business.

To such an agreement, equitable and desired by both parties, expressed in a limited partnership contract, the public would, of course, take no exception. By means of such a contract idle capital is employed, pay-rolls are created and wages distributed to the community, which thus shares in the benefits incidental to the creation or development of any useful industry.

Now we will suppose that A has no single B with $500,000 for investment, but has one hundred B's with $5000 each, all desiring an interest in the same contract which appealed to the single B. Among other methods of expressing this contract in terms of a corporation—since it is impossible for A to take in one hundred limited partners—the following would be a simple one:

1. $500,000 stock, preferred first as to principal and six per cent. cumulative dividends, to go to the B's.
2. $200,000 stock, preferred second as to principal and six per cent. dividends, to go to A.
3. A certain amount of common stock to be divided in the ratio of two-thirds to A and one-third to the B's.

The minimum issue of common stock would be fixed at that amount, of which A, receiving two-thirds, would then with it and his $200,000 second preferred stock have a majority of the stock of the corporation. Now this latter issue of common stock would ordinarily be called "watered stock." It is not watered to enable A to sell the corporation, but to keep certain his managerial control over it. This common stock might be regarded as representing the value of the good will; but as a matter of practice the common-stock issues of corporations are as much determined by considerations of control as by any ideas of the value of good will. We should keep the foregoing illustration in mind in connection with what is said further on relating to watered stock.

But now, having considered the translation of a fair contract into a fair corporation, let us consider how a corporation can be used to cover up an unfair agreement. We will take first an oil company, one of those with which the readers of financial advertisements are familiar. Oil wells with a settled production generally sell, as between individuals in the oil country, at a certain price per barrel of daily oil production. Since the production is temporary, the purchaser expects to receive a very large return at first, for in order to make him a final profit he must receive back not only his interest but his principal before the wells go dry. On an investment of $30,000 in producing wells we will suppose that the purchaser would at first receive from sales of oil $2000 per month. The rate he would at first receive on such an investment would vary in different fields and under different circumstances, but it would always be more than an ordinary interest return. Let us assume that the purchaser now desires to get an unduly high price for his property by deception practiced through a corporation. He proceeds, we will say, to capitalize his oil wells at $100,000—the temporary large income at first enabling him to pay from one per cent. to two per cent. a month dividends for the time necessary for him to sell his stock. If, by showing such dividend payments, he succeeds in selling his stock at par, he has received $100,000 for what is worth $30,000.

This has been done by fixing the attention of an unwary person upon stock which is made to seem cheap by high dividend payments, and diverting it from that which is the essential thing—the relation of the intrinsic and convertible value of the portion of the oil production represented by each share of stock in the corporation to the price paid for it. The schemer may adopt collateral methods of diverting attention from the consideration of the real proposition presented by his incorporation. He may notify prospective purchasers that on a certain day the price of the stock will be advanced, and that in order to get it one must act quickly—or, in other words, without due investigation. He thus plays on the natural human instincts of avarice, hoping to override the acquired instinct toward temperate consideration of all sides of an investment. We may well distrust the unknown seller who wants a quick trade.

Let us consider another somewhat common case—a corporation founded on an undeveloped mine. A has an undeveloped mine, and is willing to give B a one-half interest for the capital necessary to develop it—half and half being the reasonable division between him who furnishes the opportunity and him who takes the greater risk. Assuming that $50,000 was required to develop the mine, the fair corporation would issue, in order to express in corporate terms this agreement, $100,000 stock, which would be divided equally between the parties.

An unfair man, however, who would create an unfair corporation might capitalize at, say, $500,000, keeping $450,000 stock in return for his mine, and selling $50,000 stock to get the cash necessary for the development. When the cash was paid in for the $50,000 stock the men who paid it would own a one-tenth interest instead of a half interest in the mine. It is surprising how many people buy mining stock without any conception of the relation of the question of capitalization to the real nature of the proposition as advertised.

Similar illustrations might be given indefinitely. They seem rudimentary; but, in the case of many corporations, a method of analysis such as this, simple as it may seem, may open the eyes of the wisest when applied to some of the great industrial promotions of the day as well as to some of the smallest.

No man in the purchase of stock or bonds has given the proper consideration to his transaction until he has comprehended fully the terms of that underlying contract, expressed in its simplest form, which is involved in every corporation in existence.

It is easy to understand, from illustrations like the first given in this article, that watered stock is not only not necessarily unfair between stockholders, but often essential to the complete fulfillment of fair arrangements between them. This device, harmless and often necessary in itself, has—through its association with efforts of corporations and individuals to dispose of stock at fictitious prices—come to be

very widely condemned. So immensely large is the volume of watered stock in this country, issued alike by both large and small corporations, that it would seem even to a prejudiced observer that it must subserve at least some good uses, because if it were wholly wrong it would be inconceivable that business men should so generally sanction it.

Thomas B. Reed once said: "Those things which push themselves forward, and by slow degrees force themselves upon the attention of mankind, are unconscious productions of human wisdom, must have honest consideration, and must not be made the subject of unreasoning prejudice. Above all, no one has the right to presume such a movement wrong. It may be wrong; but when business men all over a great nation pursue the same course the presumption ought to be that they are right. Notwithstanding, the first idea is to make them stop."

Stock in the modern corporation represents not only ownership but the location of control. The stockholders of a corporation may unanimously desire permanence of control in a certain set of men, in which event they might find it impracticable to have stock issued only in an amount equal to the cash value of its property. The notion that stock is always watered to sell or to perpetrate some fraud is erroneous. The public is not necessarily injured because stock at par does not always represent an equal amount of cash or its equivalent.

Varying values in corporation assets are reflected in the selling or market value of the stock — not by constant alterations in the stock issues themselves. Dishonest men may, and do to some extent, use watered stock to create impressions of value which does not exist; but the abolishment of watered stock would not materially hinder them. Wrong impressions and overvaluation of stock worth par or above par are created as easily as in the case of watered stock worth less than par, and generally by similar methods. Stock exchanges through the improper manipulation of operators are frequently used to create wrong impressions of stock values; but in such cases, and all cases, it is not the water in the stock that causes the chief trouble among unwary investors. It is the water in the prices they pay for it. And that kind of water may be found at times irrigating with remarkable impartiality purchases of stocks at all prices above and below par.

Since it is human nature to want what others want, or seem to want, the creation by manipulation on stock exchanges of an apparent demand for a stock is often followed by a real demand for it from the public or "outsiders." If, through such methods, the outsider buys a stock at an excessive price the harm is done whether the stock bought at the excessive price was intrinsically worth par, below par or above par.

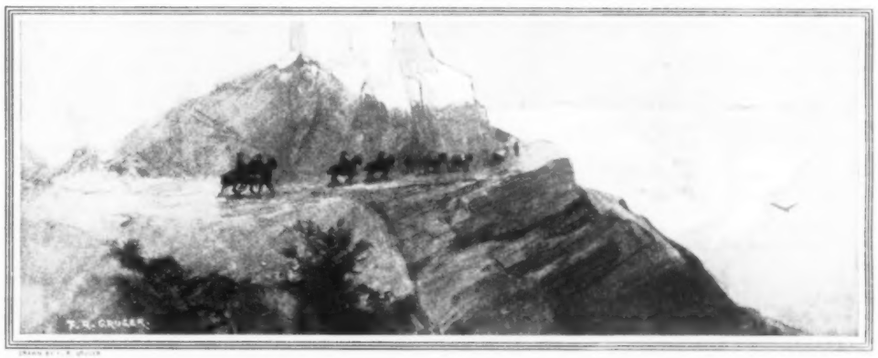
Economists tell us that the value of a thing depends chiefly upon its exchangeability. At times the appearance of exchangeability, or rather marketableness, of stocks at certain prices is sustained artificially by manipulation until the outsiders have absorbed the amount of stock on hand to be marketed. Then, to their surprise, the stock suddenly loses marketableness except at a lower range of prices. It would seem that agreements are not uncommon on the part of real owners of stocks to withhold them from the market so as not to interfere with the manipulation of market quotations on small transactions in such a way as to induce purchases at a higher range of prices.

But here, as in all business, the wrong consists not so much in the arrangement as in its purpose — whether it is intended by its means to sell to ill-informed people something for a price known by the seller to be excessive, or, on the other hand, to be fair and reasonable. Underneath all devices which brilliant or bungling men use to sell their wares is the question of intent — the intent to gain fair profits through fair dealing, or the intent to make unfair profits without that due consideration for the rights and interests of others which every honest man has.

It is claimed, however, that watered stock in the case of natural monopolies like railroads, water-works, gas and electric companies, tends to prevent reductions in rates. My observation as a business man is that corporations endeavor to make the maximum profits in any business which are consistent with its preservation and proper development. If they reduce charges voluntarily it is not because they feel that they are earning too high a rate of dividend upon their capitalization, but because by the reduction and consequent increase in business they expect to make a larger net profit and eventually pay higher dividends. There is little altruism in corporate policies. Liberal policies are generally just as much aimed at high profits as narrow policies. The different

(Continued on Page 16)

THE SPECULATIONS OF JOHN STEELE—By Robert Barr



A Square Meal

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SUGAR is a fattening product, and the Consolidated Beet Sugar Company waxed fat and prospered. Its shares stood high on the Stock Exchange, and the members of the syndicate to whom Jack Steele had sold his portion were exuberantly grateful to the young man for the opportunity he had given them. His reputation of possessing a keen and financial brain was enhanced by the forming of this company, for it was supposed that it was he who had induced Amalgamated Soap to take it up. No hint of the momentary death-struggle in the board-room of the bank had ever leaked out, and Steele was now thought to have the backing of the powerful Peter Berrington.

The one man who had no delusions on the subject was John Steele himself. For the second time he had been entirely victorious over Nicholson and the gigantic Soap combine; but this gave him no satisfaction. He knew that his victory came to him through chance, and so the never-lifted shadow of the silent Peter Berrington began to have its effect on him. He became timorous and afraid to venture in any large concern.

"My nerve's gone; that's what's the matter with me," he said to himself at last. "I must go and rough it for a summer. If I keep on like this I shall be utterly useless in a live city like Chicago."

He consulted, accordingly, with several of his friends, and presently the newspapers were mentioning the fact that John Steele was going into the Rockies to "recover tone."

It was at this juncture that Miss Alice Fuller called to see him, bringing with her into the conventional private office of John Steele an air of breezy freshness that told of the mountainous West.

The glory of a woman is her hair, and in truth Miss Fuller's golden tresses were glorious enough; but her eyes were the most distinguished and captivating features of a face sufficiently beautiful to attract attention anywhere. They were of a deep, translucent blue, darkening now and then into violet, like a pair of limpid mountain lakes. It was impossible to look into them without trusting the clear purity of the soul behind them, and Jack, whose nerves were wrong, almost shivered with apprehension.

"If this girl wants to sell shares in the most bogus company afloat I'm her victim," he thought with a gasp. But aloud he said calmly enough:

"Pray be seated, madam," and she sank gracefully into a chair on the opposite side of the flat-topped desk behind which he was intrenched.

"It is so good of you to see me," said the girl. "I know that your time is valuable, so I shall take up as little of it as may be necessary to explain my business."

"My time," Steele replied, "is of little value at the present moment, Miss Fuller, because I am doing nothing. For some months past I have been rather out of health, and, in fact, within a few days I expect to leave Chicago."

"Yes," she rejoined, "I saw by the papers that you intended to go West into the mountains. It is on account of that statement that I am here. I have been meditating calling upon you for a long time, and, seeing you were about to leave the city, I said to myself, 'It's now or never.'"

"I am very glad you came," said Jack Steele gallantly, "and I shall be more than pleased if there is anything I can do for you."

"My father is the owner of a gold mine in the Black Hills. Do you know anything of mines, Mr. Steele?"

"Nothing whatever, Miss Fuller, excepting the fact that more gold has been sunk in them than has ever been taken out."

"Oh," replied the girl, "I do not believe that to be true. Nothing can be more precious than a good gold mine, for its product is one of the few things taken from the earth which does not fluctuate in value."

"You are a very eloquent advocate, Miss Fuller. Where is your father?"

The girl looked up quickly, and once more Jack fell under the fascination of those eyes.

"My father? He is in Chicago."

"Then the best plan will be to have him call upon me."

"If that had been possible," said the young woman with a mournful droop of the head, "I should not have been here. My father is very ill, and quite unable to discuss business with any one. The mine is at once our hope and our despair. If it can be properly worked we are certain it will produce wealth incalculable; but it takes money to make money, and my father has neither wealth nor friends."

"Has the mine been opened, or is it only a prospective claim?"

"At the present moment there are from sixteen to twenty miners working upon it. The shaft is something like a hundred feet deep, and two short galleries have been run. The ore assay is extremely rich, and it gets better and better as the miners proceed."

"If that be the case, Miss Fuller, I see no reason why you should lack for capital."

"There are a hundred reasons. Every capitalist shuns a gold mine. Then, you see, we know very few Eastern people, and those few have no money."

"But, Miss Fuller, if the mine is producing ore in paying quantity why does not your father have that ore crushed — I suppose they could do that in the neighborhood — and with the product keep himself and pay his men?"

"That is exactly what he has done, Mr. Steele, and a ruinous thing it is to do. If it were not for that we should have had to give up the struggle long ago. But there are no mines within miles of us, and we are two days and a half's journey from the nearest railway. Ore is bulky and heavy, and the transport alone, over the mountains, is slow and expensive. Railway freight is high, and when the ore gets to the reducing plant we have to take exactly what is given us. What we need is machinery at the mouth of the pit, and whoever will furnish the money for that is sure to reap a rich reward.

"The ore is very rich," the girl continued, "and if we ship much of it there is bound to be inquiry as to where it came from. Now, my father has been able to stake out only a comparatively small claim. If once it becomes known where this ore originates there will be the usual rush. The

Editor's Note— This is the fourth of a series of six stories by Mr. Barr, each independent of the others, but all dealing with The Speculations of John Steele. The fifth will appear in an early number.

rush is ultimately inevitable in any case, but my father is anxious to be fully secure before it comes."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Fuller," said Jack in a burst of enthusiasm. "I'll give you a thousand dollars, and if you make money out of your mine you can repay me at your leisure."

Miss Alice Fuller slowly shook her golden head.

"I could not accept money in that way," she said. "Besides, a thousand dollars would be of no particular use: it would not purchase the stamp-mills, or freight them to the mine."

"What is it, then, that you wish me to do, Miss Fuller?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You are going to the mountains in any case. Very well, go to the Black Hills. There you will find the air pure and bracing. I want you to camp near our mine, and investigate it thoroughly. If you are so satisfied with it as to justify the risk I wish you to be prepared to buy a half share for three hundred thousand dollars."

John Steele drew a long breath.

"My purpose in going to the mountains was to fish and shoot—to get away from business, and not to take upon myself a new anxiety."

"Are you an enthusiastic sportsman, then?"

"Not at all. I was too busy when I was young to indulge in such recreation, and too poor. Since then I have become busier still."

"Then two days in the woods will prove more than enough for you. After that comes a yearning for the ticker and the morning newspaper."

"I more than half believe you're right," said Jack ruefully.

"Of course I am. Now, if you camp out beside the mine you will have something to interest you. Don't bother about it for the first week. There is plenty of shooting and fishing in the neighborhood."

"I hate to get two days and a half away from a telegraph wire."

"Then you had better stay in Chicago."

Jack laughed.

"You are a clever young lady, Miss Fuller, and I wonder you haven't made that gold mine a success."

"I am doing it now," she said with a flash almost of defiance from her eyes.

"Are you? Well, I am going to get right down to plain facts, and speak to you as if you were your own brother. You won't be offended?"

"Not in the least."

"Very well. Do you know what a salted mine is?"

"Certainly. A salted mine is one in which rich ore has been planted for the cheating of fools."

"An admirable definition, Miss Fuller. Now, in the matter of mines I'm a fool, and a salted mine would take me in completely."

"Then take an expert with you."

"I am more distrustful of mining experts than of salted mines."

The girl sighed.

"I suppose all faith has left Chicago."

"It has—in gold mines."

"Well, now, Mr. Steele, I'll talk to you as if you were your own sister. Have you ever done a stroke of useful toil since you were born?"

"Oh, yes; I have worked on a railway."

"Very well. Go to the Black Hills and take a miner's outfit with you. Become one of my father's employees, or boss of the gang, if you like. Go into that mine and direct them where they are to run the next level, and follow that level for a month, working with the men, and keeping clear of the blasts. After you have worked a month in any direction you please, take the ore from the last blast and have it assayed. A mine can't be salted under those conditions. If that whole mountain is salted with gold you'd better buy it."

"No one can doubt the honesty of that proposal, Miss Fuller; but, to tell you the truth, I dread the two and a half days' journey."

"I will be your guide."

"What?" cried Jack in amazement. "To speak quite frankly, Miss Fuller, for a young lady to—to journey across the plains——"

"Yes, I know, I know. You are talking now, not to my brother, as you remarked a while ago, but to my brother's sister. All my life I have had not only to take care of myself, but my father as well. This project is a matter of vital importance to me, and I cannot allow it to fail merely because I lack a chaperon. I shall take with me my own tent, and an old man who was in my father's employ long before I was born. You offered me a thousand dollars, and I refused it. If you will now give me the necessary money, which may be anything from two hundred dollars upward, depending on what you want to take with you, I shall go at once to Pickaxe Gulch, which is the nearest railway station to the Hard Luck mine, and will collect what transport we need. There I shall wait for you. Do you intend to take any servants with you?"

"I shall have with me Sam Jackson, a negro man who is the best cook in this town."

"Very well, you will need a horse for him, and one for yourself. I shall need two horses: that's four. Then, if you

"I HOPE YOU HAVE NO OBJECTION TO TEMPERANCE DRINKS"

will give me an idea of the number of tents and boxes you require, I shall secure mules enough to carry them. We shall want two or three men to look after the mules, and you must give me a week at least to get this cavalcade together."

Jack Steele smiled and took a check-book from his desk.

"Shall we say $500?" he asked, looking across the desk at her. "You must leave some money with your father, you know."

"Five hundred will be ample," she replied decidedly, and he wrote a check for that amount.

Later in his life, Jack Steele remembered that demand for money with admiration. It was just one of those little points where a less subtle person than Miss Fuller would have made a mistake, deluded by success in getting him to promise to make the trip. But the young woman was evidently shrewd enough to know that after she left he would wonder, she having pleaded poverty, where the money came from to pay for so long a railway journey, and at the same time provide for a sick father at home. He always regarded that request for expenses as the culminating climax of a well-thought-out plan.

When he stepped down from the sleeping-car in the early morning, at Pickaxe Gulch, Steele found Alice Fuller the sole occupant of the platform. Her costume bore a striking difference to the apparel she wore in his office: she reminded him of one of those reckless horsewomen he had seen at Wild West shows, and he was forced to confess that the outfit suited her to perfection. But before he could compliment her on her appearance she complimented him on his.

"You are already looking very much better than you did in the city."

"Yes," he cried jubilantly. "I am now out from under Peter's shadow."

"'Peter's shadow,'" she repeated; "what is that? The shadow of a mountain?"

"In a way, yes," laughed Jack, "and a gold-producing mountain at that. To tell you the truth, I have been a pretty anxious man these many months past, and now, whether it is the exhilaration of the air in the West, or the prospect"—he hesitated a moment, then continued—"of this journey, I am quite my own man once more."

Without reply, she led the way to the dusty road, which ran between two rows of roughly-built shanties.

"Have you had breakfast?" she asked.

"No."

"I thought you might not have an opportunity to get anything to eat on the train, as it stops here so early, and I have ordered a meal for you at the one tavern in this place. You possibly can endure for once such a repast as it offers, and then we can get on our way as soon as possible."

They went up the street together, the negro cook following them, carrying Steele's valise. At the tavern their caravan was collected, and more than ever the resemblance to the Wild West show struck him. The boxes had been sent on some days ahead, and were now securely fastened to the backs of the mules. Four saddle-horses were tied to the rude pillars of the veranda. Jack went inside the building and breakfasted, and ten minutes later the procession started north.

Their route lay across the plain, and during the forenoon there was a road reasonably well defined. In the horizon loomed low mountains, which did not seem perceptibly nearer when a halt was called by the side of a stream to prepare luncheon. Steele was more accustomed to a street car than to the back of a horse, but the way was level, and his horse developed none of those buck-jumping peculiarities which Jack had always associated with the steeds of the Far West. Miss Fuller, on the other hand, proved a most expert horsewoman. Her superb attitude in the saddle still further enslaved this ardent young man, who began to think he had never really lived until now, and who was rather disappointed to find that he was not getting as much of her company as he had hoped. "To-morrow," she however said, "we will be among the foothills, and even this afternoon we will be free of the road and the dust. Then, if everything is going well, I shall have plenty of time to talk to you, for I see you are anxious to learn more about the mine before you reach it."

Thanks to the efficient Jackson, luncheon more than made amends for the unattractive breakfast. Steele persuaded the girl to linger by the stream after the cavalcade had moved on, saying they would overtake it at a gallop, and the young woman, with scarcely concealed reluctance, acquiesced. He threw himself full length at her feet and gazed up at her, while she watched, with a suggestion of frown on her smooth brow, the procession lessening in the distance. He lit a cigarette, with her permission, and began the sort of conversation which a young man in the early stages of fascination is apt to indulge in. At first it seemed to him her thoughts were elsewhere, which was not in the least flattering to a person who was doing his best. Chided for this, she drew a sharp breath and cast a glance upon him which he fancied was the reverse of friendly. It was veiled an instant after, however, and then with something like a sigh she appeared to accept the situation.

Then Jack Steele's conscience began to trouble him. He guessed why she appeared so changeable. Her father's future and her own depended on the good-will of the young man stretched at her feet. She was anxious not to offend him, and yet her absent-minded look, and the slight frown that now and then marred her brow, were hints that his attentions proved unwelcome. Jack surmised that any undue compliments or any too palpable indulgence in sentiment at this particular moment might prove disastrous to ultimate success. The resigned air with which she endeavored to face a tête-à-tête not to her liking touched his pride, and also made him rather ashamed of himself for taking advantage of one who, in the circumstances, was helpless. He admired and respected women, but did not in the least understand them.

"Miss Fuller," he cried, "I see you are anxious to be off toward the hills, and it is selfish of me to detain you here."

He held out his hand to her, and helped her up. She smiled very sweetly and said:

"I think it is time we were on our way again. We have farther to go than you suspect before we reach the regular camping-ground."

He had reason to congratulate himself on his intuition, for during that afternoon's journey she was kinder to him than she had ever been before, as if anxious to make up for her former coldness.

The sun had gone down ere they reached the halting station for the night. They were now on an elevated plateau among the hills, and an impetuous torrent near by gave forth the only sound that broke the intense stillness. Tents were pitched, horses and mules tethered, and Jackson set out a dinner which their keen appetites made doubly memorable. Night came down, and the moon rose gloriously in the east. Time and place were ideal for a lovers' meeting, but the adage which intimates that luck with gold does not run parallel with luck in love proved true in this instance. Immediately after partaking of the excellent coffee Jackson had brewed the young lady rose and held out her hand, pleading fatigue.

"I must bid you good-night," she said shortly.

"Oh, won't you stay a little while and enjoy this unexampled moonlight? It seems as if I had never seen the moon before."

The young woman smiled wanly, but shook her head.

"I'm really very tired," she explained. "I have had a week of it at that awful hotel in the Gulch. If I have proved a dull companion to-day that is the reason, and I am sure you will excuse me now."

"Miss Fuller, you could not be dull if you tried. I am sorry you should have had so much trouble on my account at that terrible station. I should have sent a man. Pray forgive my thoughtlessness."

"Oh, that was really nothing! I am quite accustomed to the life, but somehow, the first night in the mountains always leaves me stupid and drowsy."

"To-morrow night, then," he said very quietly, "we may perhaps view the moonlight together."

"To-morrow night," she murmured, and was gone.

Next morning the camp was early astir, for a long day of mountaineering lay ahead, but at no time during the long hours that followed did Jack have an opportunity of speaking with Miss Fuller alone, and after dinner, at the final camping place—a wild spot in a profound valley, where Jack saw with dismay the moon would not be visible—the

young lady, in spite of his protests, seemed as loth to keep him company as she had been the night before. She laughed somewhat harshly, he thought, when he complained that she must have known they could not see the moon.

"You can study its rays on the northern peaks," she said. "Who would ever have expected a modern financier to yearn for the moon!"

"A modern financier is but human," protested Steele. "Don't go."

She stood there hesitating for a few moments, but it was too dark to see the expression on her face. Finally she sat down in the chair from which she had risen.

"I am seated," she said, "but not to talk of moonlight; merely to tell you that I intend to go no farther. To-morrow morning we bid good-by to each other. You go north, and I go south."

"Oh, I say," cried Jack reproachfully, "that's contrary to contract! You promised to lead me to the mine."

"I know I did, but it is always a woman's privilege to break her promise. Perhaps you will understand I do not wish to influence you at all in the decision you may come to about the mine."

"Would it make you change your cruel resolve if I informed you that I have quite determined to invest in the mine if it gives any show of success?"

"The mine must plead its own cause. You have no real need of me as a guide, for the three men I engaged for you know the route as well as I do. To tell you the truth, I am really very anxious about my father. He promised to telegraph me at Pickaxe Gulch, but has not done so. I sent a dispatch the day before you arrived, but no reply came, and it may be waiting for me now at the office there."

"Why not send back one of the men?"

"Because of my own anxiety. I fear the telegram may call me to his side. I think you will understand now why I have been so distraught."

"Miss Fuller, believe me, I am very sorry to hear that this worry has been hanging over you. If I had known I should have proposed our remaining at Pickaxe Gulch until you had heard from your father. I fear my own conduct and conversation have been such as to have added to your discomfort."

"Oh, no, no!" said the girl quickly, rising again.

"Will you accept this trifle from me?"

He spoke hurriedly, and took from his waistcoat pocket something that she knew to be a ring, for even in the dim light it sparkled as if fire were playing from its facets.

"I'd rather not," she said, stepping backward.

"It will bind you to nothing—nothing at all. It is simply to keep me in your memory until we next meet."

"Oh, I shall never forget you!" she cried in a tone of bitterness that startled him.

"It is a mere trinket," he urged, "and I bought it for you before I left civilization. If you do not accept it I shall throw it into the darkness of the valley yonder."

"That would be foolish, even for you!"

"Why, Miss Fuller, such a remark has a very dubious sound. Do you think I am foolish?"

"Oh, I don't think anything at all of either you or your folly. I tell you I merely want to get away."

"Won't you take the ring with you?"

She stood for a long while with head bowed.

"I don't suppose it makes any difference one way or the other," she said at last.

"Of course it doesn't. I told you it wouldn't."

"Very well, I shall take the ring if you will accept a much cheaper and more significant present from me in the morning."

"I shall accept anything you like to give me, Miss Fuller, gratefully, in the morning or at any future time."

"I wonder," was all her comment as she took the ring and instantly disappeared.

Somehow this night held none of the glamour that distinguished the previous evening. The depth of the profound shadows surrounding Steele was merely emphasized by the touch of cold moonlight on the hilltops far away. He felt strangely depressed, and although he immediately entered his tent and flung himself dressed as he was upon his canvas cot, he found it difficult to fall asleep. It was after midnight before he dozed off, and then the sleep he did get was troubled and uneasy. Toward morning, however, a kind of stupor descended upon him, leaving him dreamless and lost to the world. This was broken by a sharp and angry voice, whose meaning did not at first reach his consciousness, but the sentence lingered in his awakening mind, and at last became clear to him as an image comes out during the gradual development of a photographic plate.

"I tell you I will not leave until I bid good-by to Mr. Steele."

It was Alice Fuller's voice, and in an instant the young man was on his feet and out of the tent. It was just daylight, gray and chill, but already the camp was astir, and the young woman in her saddle.

"Did you call me?" he cried.

"No," she answered, but he seemed to detect a tremor of fear in her voice.

"I thought I heard you say you wished to bid good-by to me!"

"You must have been dreaming; but I do wish to bid you good-by."

Two of the muleteers stood near, and the old attendant, mounted, had already started slowly on his way. Jack sprang to her side, and as he came to a stand by her horse she stooped and slipped a small box into his coat pocket.

"Good-by! Good-by!" she cried, somewhat boisterously, with an exclamation that seemed to be half sob and half laugh.

HE THREW HIMSELF FULL LENGTH AT HER FEET AND GAZED UP AT HER

"Go back to your tent at once and brush your hair. It's enough to frighten any one!" And now she laughed with unnecessary vehemence, the near mountains echoing the peal with a strange, mocking cadence.

"What does this mean?" he cried.

The man at the bridle turned the horse's head toward the direction it would have to go, and the other muleteer smote the animal on the flank.

"Let go my horse!" commanded Miss Fuller savagely. The man slouched away. She touched the horse with her heel and galloped off, while Steele stood in a daze watching her. Only once she looked around, then made a quick motion to the pocket of her jacket, and disappeared around the ledge of rock. Jack remembered the packet she had dropped into his own pocket, and imagining her gesture might have reference to that, walked back to his tent to examine the present she had given him, remembering that she had said the night before it would be more significant than the ring he had given her. It was a little square parcel, tied in a bit of newspaper with a red string. He whisked this off, and held in his hand a box of white metal. He opened that, and there lay within a simple cake of soap.

Jack Steele held this on his open palm, gazing at it like one hypnotized.

"Caught!" he groaned at last. "Soap—Amalgamated Soap! Peter Berrington and Nicholson! Trapped, as I am a fool and a sinner! These muleteers are the real chiefs of this expedition. They saw her weakening, but she weakened too late, and now they have sent her back. What's the object of all this? It is too fantastic to imagine that Nicholson supposes he can exact all I possess as ransom. Even the Black Hills are not the mountains of Greece. What is it, then? Murder? That's equally incredible, and yet possible. Here I am unarmed, rifles in the boxes, no one with me but one servant. Walked right into it with my eyes open, like a gaping idiot! Well, Jack Steele, you deserve all you will get! Let's see what it is."

He strode out of the tent. The negro was preparing breakfast. The three other men stood in a group together, talking, but they looked around, and became silent as he approached.

"I have changed my mind," said Steele, "we're going back to the railway."

"Oh, no, we're not!" said one of the men, stepping forward, and taking a revolver from his hip pocket. "We're going on to the mine."

"Is there a mine?" asked Jack with a sneering laugh.

"Oh, there's a mine all right enough, and they're waiting for you there."

"Who?"

"You'll find out about twelve o'clock to-day."

"See here, boys," said Steele persuasively, "I'll make you three the richest men in this part of the country if you'll accompany me safely back to the railway."

"We've heard that kind of talk before," replied the man, "and have had enough of it. You tell that to the boss of the gang at the mine, and whatever he says we'll agree to."

"Yes, but at the mine—how many men are there, by the way?"

"You'll see when you reach the spot."

"Well, even if there's one more he divides the loot with you. You can make better terms with me now than you can at the mine."

"Chuck it, stranger! There ain't no use giving us any more taffy. You're going on to the mine."

"All right," said Jack, turning on his heel. "I'll have breakfast first." And he sat down at the collapsible table and enjoyed a hearty meal.

At noon they reached the mine—for there was one, sure enough—and a dozen gaunt, wild-eyed men who were sitting around stood up when the riders came into sight. They gave no cheer when they saw the captive, nor did their attitude of listless, bored indifference change a particle as Steele stopped his horse, and dismounted.

"Here's the goods," said the leader of the muleteers, and the leader of the gang nodded, but made no reply.

"Good-day, gentlemen," began Steele, a smile coming to his lips in spite of the seriousness of the crisis, as he thought that this sombre, silent gang in the midst of the mountains bore a comical resemblance to the gnomes in Rip Van Winkle when that jovial inebriate appeared among them. "During to-day's journey I have been forced to travel to this mine against my will. You seem to have been expecting me. Now, what's up?"

"You'll be, in about ten minutes," said the leader. "Bill, where's your rope?"

"Here it is," replied the man addressed, and exhibiting a slip noose at the end of about thirty feet of stout line.

"Now, stranger," continued the leader, "if you've got any messages to leave your friends we'll give you ten minutes to write them."

"I've no messages, thank you, but I have a lively curiosity to know what all this means."

"Oh, of course, you've no suspicion about what it means, have you?"

"No, I have not."

"You never saw your mine before, did you?"

"It isn't my mine."

"I knew you'd say that. Well, now, we've been left here for four months without a markee of pay. For the last month we would have been starved if it hadn't been for Dakota Bill's good work with a rifle, but now even the game's gone, and we *are* starving. You're the man responsible. We've sworn to hang you, and we're *going* to hang you."

"My dear sir, your statement is definite and concise, without being as illuminating as I should like. A mistake has

(Concluded on Page 24)

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The Threat to Manhood

THE voters are showing that they really like to vote for a man when one appears who comes up to their conception of mankind—when they get a chance to vote for him.

If a man is to get anywhere in politics, if he is to secure a chance to let his fellow-countrymen pass upon his fitness for public service, he must first get a certificate viséd by the professional politicians who have no interest but their own, which they have found they can best further by dividing themselves into two opposing machines. True, once in a while a man compels the politicians to visé a certificate that isn't "regular"; but these exceptions are few. And some instances that seem to be exceptions are, on examination, found to be instances of shrewd hypocrisy—the grossly practical politician successfully disguising himself through a long career as a man of real independence.

How shall the man, whether seeking humble office or high, get through the machine without leaving his manliness shredded and entangled in the wheels?

A Bad Taste in the Mouth

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN lately announced that in future he will produce no plays that satirize Americans—or, as he expresses it, hold them up to ridicule. Mr. George Ade, already one of our leading playwrights, announces it as his mission to make his countrymen think well of themselves.

On business grounds the purpose of both is to be commended. Nothing is commoner than the man who says that he reads or goes to a play to be amused, and who objects to works of art that, as he expresses it, leave a bad taste in his mouth. Lately, two very able plays by Mr. Clyde Fitch have failed, the one largely because it satirized the foibles of women shopping, and the other largely because it showed the seamy side of marriages in which wholesome American girls sell themselves for foreign titles. The public of the veracious and satirical Mr. Howells and Mr. James numbers thousands, while novels that deal with commercial drummers who make themselves kings sell by hundreds of thousands.

But is the purpose proclaimed by the manager and the playwright as patriotic as it sounds? There is much, of course, in educating a national self-respect; but is there nothing in the gift which Burns wished the gods would "gie us"? Isn't it rather that most of us lack the intellectual faculty of enjoying veracity in art? Time was, and not so very long ago, when honest folk loudly proclaimed that there was more beauty in Home, Sweet Home than in all Beethoven and Wagner. An optimist might hope that those who now abhor the bad taste in the mouth will some day be just a little ashamed of proclaiming their preference for crude art—even if they still prefer it, which they probably will.

The criterion of a play or a novel is not whether it makes us think well of ourselves, but whether it makes us think truly and deeply. No one enjoys the bad taste in his mouth, or if he does his taste is quite perverted. But all who have real minds enjoy thinking real thoughts. "There ought never to be more pain," said Coleridge, speaking on a very similar subject, "than is compatible with a coexisting pleasure, and to be amply repaid by thought." A false satire or a brutal tragedy is the worst of art; but true satire and intellectual or spiritual tragedy is a mental tonic to all who have minds.

A Step Toward World-Wide Peace

A PATRIOTIC overseer of Harvard College has caused to be introduced in Congress a bill "For the Promotion of Education" which makes invalid the copyright of any book that does not spell according to Noah Webster. Travelers with two "l"s had better stay at home, and even the most scientific inquiry is valueless if spelled with an "e."

American spelling, be it granted, is better than English; but the question is only of the worse of two evils. Both are sufficiently false, philologically and practically. The late Professor F. J. Child, who did more to promote education than any, or perhaps all, of his overseers, used to wax humorous and testy on this point. Like all profound students of language, he recognized that our spelling, at best, is a false guide to derivation, and would have preferred to spell phonetically. "An Englishman once told me," he used to say to his classes, "that a man of honor was all very well for a greengrocer, but that he would never admit to his intimacy any but men of honour." Then Professor Child would add slyly: "I used to ask him whether he refused to acknowledge his Creator." Philologically, of course, we ought to spell it "Creatour," as Chaucer did.

The unnecessary letters in English are about ten per cent.—all deadheads in the communication of ideas. To drop them would be to save ten per cent. of our time in writing, ten per cent. of the cost of composition, ten per cent. of the cost of printing and of binding—in short, ten per cent. of all the labor and cost of writing and publication, a matter of untold millions.

More important than this, perhaps, is the fact that a standard of phonetics in spelling would vastly reduce the number of illiterates, for the one great bar to learning to write is the hopeless vagaries of orthography. The writing which, according to Shakespeare, "comes by nature" comes wisely, perhaps, but not too well.

And it is more than a question of illiteracy. The first step toward a world-wide era of peace and good will is mutual understanding among the nations; and if any language is fitted to become universal by its innate superiority and the might of those who speak it, it is English. Why can we not, like the Germans, the Italians, the Spanish and, to a great extent, the French, agree to write both wisely and well?

Sharper Than the Sharpers

BEFORE the postal cases came to trial in the District of Columbia it was cynically said that no jury would convict because in Washington anybody who could swindle the Government was regarded as deserving of his booty. So not only in Washington, but in other cities where indictments were found, the accused wore jauntily the semblance of confidence and believed to the last that they would escape. Behind prison bars or under heavy bail waiting for new trials they are trying to adjust themselves to their mistakes.

American probity of the average sort has long compromised its principles on return voyages from lands where wares are a bit cheaper than at home. Smuggling has been very much in vogue, even in the best circles. Many boasted of their success, and thus the habit grew. Within the past year the more venturesome found that declarations regarding dutiable goods meant something more than a formality. They saw their jewels and other treasures rudely taken from them. Then they proceeded to bring political influence to bear in the usual way, only to discover that the old measures of last resort did not prevail. And they had to pay the full price for their experience.

Stealing a hot stove has been frequently cited as the superlative of misdirected skill, and yet it would seem to be a petty and foolish operation compared with the irregular annexation of Government land. There is a fixity about land that would discourage the ordinary thief, especially if it belonged to Uncle Sam. But land robbery has been a favorite, and at times a profitable, enterprise, and with the thief what has been may still be; so the attempt was made to secure titles to hundreds of thousands of acres of the public lands—to more, in fact, than the square miles of some European states. No ordinary persons tried this, remember, but, to use the words of the Secretary of the Interior, "mostly men who have occupied positions of influence and high standing, both socially and politically, and many of them men of large wealth." Their difficulty was in certain changes of sentiment and administration that have come into American affairs, and even if the courts should let them off finally they will go empty-handed and bankrupt in character.

We are to have no more wholesale pillage such as that which used to make the Rivers and Harbors Bill an epitome of spoliation. And there is a new kind of watchfulness awake in the land that declines to discriminate in favor of large stealings and masterly criminals.

For several decades Uncle Sam has been close upon the heels of the little rogues—those who rifled mails or counterfeited coins and their like—and he has caught most of them. Now he goes just as confidently at higher game, and the gratification is that neither wealth nor political influence can pull him into compromise. He is sharper than the sharpers, and he is furnishing concrete proofs of the fatuity of the old idea that robbing the Government is a privilege of either a citizen or a constituency.

This demonstration comes at the right time. So much is being said about the crimes of money—of high finance and high society—that object-lessons carry greater force than any amount of preaching or any number of resolutions. If this be the Roosevelt idea of "a square deal," by all means let us have more of it!

Negotiable Gifts

A YOUNG woman had an admirer who tried her patience each holiday by sending her an appalling exhibit of his lack of good taste and of his ignorance of her likes and needs. At last she wrote to him—a few days before the last holiday—saying: "If you are going to send me a present this time, even if it's only a dollar's worth, please send it in cash."

There is "back to nature." There is "the simple life." Many are the conventionalities that would make us laugh if we were not so used to them; of these is not one of the most senseless and silly the convention against money presents? As a rule—not always, but as a rule—would not weddings and other gift-accompanied festivals be gayer, vastly gayer, if the beneficiaries, instead of being showered with what other people think they ought to wish and need, were presented with cash and cashable checks, each present with the message: "Think of me when you are using this to help you to what you'd really like to have?"

There would be exceptions to this rule. But would they be so many as the exceptions to the present rule?

Where the Guilt Lies

THERE are few, indeed, of even the worst monopolists and exacters of extortionate prices who are not in all their private and personal relations exemplary in honesty, generosity, kindliness, consideration. Even the manufacturers of adulterated food, even the owners of the filthiest kinds of tenement-houses, are good fathers, warm friends, eager to help on their acquaintances. Practically all the perpetrators of crimes against men in the mass deny to themselves their own guilt, protest to themselves that they are merely obeying, where they cannot mitigate, the cruel but inevitable laws of nature.

What, then, is the cause of the trouble? Why do the most savage cruelties, the most cowardly oppressions of the poor and the helpless, persist in an age when the least humane of men are in so many vital respects more sensitive than were the most humane men only a few decades ago?

The answer is the decay of individual responsibility. And would not at least one of the remedies seem to be a system of law whereunder a crime or oppression charged now to "the corporation" should be brought directly home to the principal owner of that corporation, with the sin and the shame visible to all men upon his front door, with the right of redress clear and certain against him himself?

The Logical Candidate

MANY of the conspicuous speakers on both sides of the last Presidential campaign asserted, some with approval, others with disapproval, that we as a people have become infected with the military spirit and are dreaming dreams of "seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth." And undeniably there is a good deal of big-fist and big-stick talk in very hard times. And if you passed most of your life, as politicians do, among men gathered about glasses of strong drink, you would probably think that the American people were just itching to go forth immediately and lick all creation.

But talk is cheap, and barroom talk is—cheaper. The real sentiments, the real intuitions of people must be sought elsewhere than in their loose expressions in hours of relaxation. And if you look in the right places, you find that the real ambitions and aspirations of us Americans are much the same as those of the masses of plain men elsewhere in the world—steady employment that makes one each year better off than he was the year before; a home and children; the respect of his acquaintances; the sense of steady growth in intelligence through reading and thinking; an orderly, honest and gentlemanly conduct of public affairs.

The politician who can *convince* the people that he really stands for these peaceful and generous and noble ideas, and that he will really work sanely and efficiently for the promotion of those ideals, will smash party lines to smithereens whenever he runs for any office, whether it be town-constable or President.

The Works of Plupy Shute

By HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

I CAN BEAT ENNYONE IN FRESH WATER

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE,
———, 186—

DEAR BEANY, i got your letter all rite jest as i went down to the post ofice to put in mine. did Tom holler good. i bet he wood be mad if he knew you did it on perpose. some day you had aught to tell him so he can play it on Frank and then he will git licked and you wont. i have never swam in salt water but i bet i can beat ennyone in fresh water. every day i go in i swim under water across the gravil and they aint none of the fellers can do it. we was all at Whacks today and we went in swiming at Sandy bottum and after we come out we set on the bank and voated to see whitch feller cood do things the best. they voated me the best swimer and Tomtit the best runner and Billy Folsom the best trapeese performer, and you the best eater, you beat Fatty by 2 voats, and Prisiller the best organ player and Potter Gorum the best feller. when it came to voat whitch was the best fiter we all was going to voat for ourselfs but Whack said if it was a ti voat they wood have to fite it out to see whitch was the champeen and so we all voated for the Chadwicks and Whack had 4 and Boog 4 and Puzzy had 3 and then Whack and Boog squared of and jest paisted eech other til Whack beat him. Boog dident give up only he had been sick with the chicking pocks. Boog says when he gets well he will lick Whack.

I don't know whitch I had ruther be the best fiter or the best feller. i gess i wood ruther be the best fiter becaus if i cood lick all the fellers i wood go to eech one and say aint i the best feller and if he said yes i wood be his frend and help him lick other fellers and if he said no i wood lam time out of him, woodent you. i have got a patrige, it has got a lame wing and cant fly. i went up to the Eddy woods and got a lot of moss and patrige berrys and have made a cage and fitted the bottum with moss and put in some little pine trees and made it seam jest like home to him. he et patrige berrys and drunk water jest like a hen. he wont eat wirms or corn. i shall have to go up to the eddy most every day to get things for him to eat.

wright soon, Yours very respectively,
PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

Dear Beany, my patrige dide last Sunday. it et well but i gess the wound in the wing killed it. ennyway even mother said i took good care of it. Luke Manix give me a young hen hork. it is most the same color of the patrige only it has yellow eyes and yellow legs and black claws. i wish you cood see it gob down a minny. i have to go fishing most every day for it. it will eat mice and swalow them whole. it can fite and last nite father was holding out a minny to it and it stuck out its claw and grabed him by the finger. i gess i wont wright down what he said. ennyway he sent me to bed for laffing and said he wood kill the hork. after i went to bed father and mother set out on the steps talking and i cood hear them. mother said it dident hurt me enny to have pet animals and father hadent aught to kill the hork, and father he said he never see such a boy, that he wasent going to keep a menaggery enny longer. he said first it was snakes and then toads and eels and hen horks and owls and sick hens and he was geting sick of it. and mother she said as long as it kept me to home she was willing to let me have them and father he said wood you like to have him bring a dead fish home in his pocket the way he did that time I took down the plastering, and mother laffed and said they was wirse things than dead fish and Aunt Sarah said fathers old pipe smelt wirse than that and father he said well i cood have my hork if they wanted him only if i come home with a snaping tirtle they mustent blame him and then he went over to see your father and he dident kill my hork.

do you remember Beany the day i come home and found my rooster out and all bludy, i bet father let him out to fite John Adams rooster.

wright soon. Yours very respectively,
PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—,

Dear Beany, i aint going to wright enny more if you send me enny more such stingy little letters. you aint got to wright to ennybody else xcept me, unless it is Lizzie Tole. you say you don't but i bet you do. ennyway you have got to wright better letters or you don't hear from Plupy. me and Pewt went fishing to day. it wasent a good day for fishing and we dident get ennything. somebody has tore down the spring bord at the Oak. enny feller whitch will tear down a spring bord had aught to be skined alive. we got a bord of the fense in Gilmans field and made a new spring bord. so we are all rite. Pewt is a prety good diver but i can beat him becaus i can go into the water without hardley enny splash and Pewts legs duble up and it makes a big spatter. the way to dive is to go into the water jest like a stick that you throw in endways and it don't make enny noise. do you know Beany that if you plugged a pebble up in the air jest as high as you can it will come down in the water jest like this blub without enny splash at all.

wright soon. Yours very respectively,
PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

Dear Beany, i never got a meener letter in my life than your last letter. i wood like to know who told you so many lies about me. what if i did go down to Ed Toles to supper. Ed he invited me and Eds mother she told me where to set at the table. i gess they wood have thaugt i was polite if i had up and said i dident want to set next to Lizzie. i had a good supper and had a good time and you aint got enny business to be mad. i like to go down to the Toles but you know me and Ed is more interested in hens than in girls. i woodent be such a fool if i was you Beany. i thaugt me and you was better frends than that. ennyway if you want to be mad you can for all i care only i shall go jest where i want to. i like you Beany more than enny feller i know but if you get mad every time i look or speek to your girl they aint much use in us trying to be frends. now Beany what is the use of being mad. we have had two mutch fun to be mad over a little thing like that. they is one thing certain if you want to get mad i will jest tell all the fellers jest what you was mad at and they will plage the life out of you when you get back. ain't it about time for you to come back ennyway. i bet we are having jest as mutch fun here as in old orchard. every friday the band plays in the band room and we play red lion and cornstorks and corum and all the games. this is the last letter i shall wright until you wright and say you aint mad. you can be mad if you want to but you hadent better. i dont care whether you wright or not.

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE,
———, 186—

Dear Beany, i got your letter. it was all rite. i thaugt you woodent keep mad very long. the star fish was prety dry and one point was broak of. i have naled it up on the wall. i hope you wont forget the horseshue crab you promised me. do you know what i did when i got your letter. well i got in a auful scrape. i was down to Eds and Lizzie and Mary Straton were going through the yard and me and Ed put birs in there hair. you know they is lots of last years birs back of Eds barn. the girls was auful mad and tride to get them out and coodent and they went into the house balling. in a minit Missis Tole come out and hollered Eddie Tole you come strate into the house. i cood see she was mad and i put for home. well that nite father went down town after supper and come home mad as time and asked for me and i cood tell by his voise he was mad and i hid, and i heard him tell mother that i had put birs in the Tole girls hair and the Straton girls hair and they coodent get them out and they was afrade they wood have to cut of their hair and he wood lern me a lesson. i knew what that meant and i staid hid til nearly 9 oh. clock hoping father wood go to bed but he dident and when i heard him say he wood give me 2 lickings 1 for puting birs in her hair and 1 for staying out late i thaugt i had better go in. so i did and i got the aufullest whaling i ever got and he told me i must go down to Toles and beg their pardon. Aunt Sarah was mad when father begun to lick me and went into her room and slamed the door. she never gets mad xcept when father or somebody else licks me. the next day i had to go down and beg their pardon. Lizzie was mad and woodent say a word to me and held her nose rite up in the air. i tell you i was ashamd enuf. ennyway Ed had to go up to Stratons and beg Marys pardon but he dident get licked the way i did becaus he waited till old Straton was down to the gas house. Ed always has good luk. now Beany i hope you are satisfied. you have got me mad with all the Toles and i cant ever go down there agen. now i hope you won't wright me enny more such letters as that other one. you woodent do half as much for me. i think i aught to have 2 horseshue crabes.

Yours very respectively,
PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

Dear Beany, you are the darndest feller i ever see. first you are mad becaus i am polite to your girl and then you are mad becaus i sass her and put birs in her hair and you say you will meller my nose the next time you see me. well now i jest want you to know that you aint man enuf to do it. my father can lick your father and my mother can lick your mother and I can lick you. so now what are you going to do about it, old Beany. Yours very respectively,
PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

Dear Beany, you talk now as if you had got some sense so i wont say enny more about it. ennyway i cant go down to Eds enny more so i go up to Fattys or Whacks or Potters or Billy Folsoms. Billy has got a horisondal bar up in his barn on the hay mow. when you try to skin the cat and fall of and lite on your head it dont hurt very mutch. Billy can skin the cat and do the mussle grind. i wish i cood. i can hang by my heels from a trapeese but i cant get down unless i fall down on my head so i have to take a soft place or brake my neck. yesterday afternoon i went up to Whacks and pluged green apples. last nite when i went to bed i was all over lumps and blew spots where i had got hit. rotten apples dont hurt so much but they squash up on your best cloths. Porter Robinson let me drive his black horse today and old Head said i cood ride his some day. do you remember the time we took both his horses and raced them all the afternoon when he wanted to take Missis Head to ride. ennyway he coodent catch us and we was all rite. i gess he has forgot that. have you plaid the hornet goke on Frank yet. my hork can fly now and today he got up in a tree and 2 king birds fit with him until he had to fly into the barn. he has got so he can eat horn powt. he gumps on them and holds them down with his claw and tears them up with his beak. i havent seen a fite for ever so long.

wright soon. Yours very respectively,
PLUPY.

Editor's Note—This is the second of six installments of the letters of Plupy to Beany, by Judge Shute. The third will be published in an early number.

THE FOX TYPEWRITER

"A Head of the Best"

Typewriter Competition

Suppose you were just starting a typewriter factory.

What chance would you have to build up a business if your machine was simply an ordinary typewriter—no better than the others? It would be a hard up-hill, almost hopeless, fight.

BUT—if your machine was actually better than the others—if it outpointed them feature for feature—was better constructed—lasted longer—practically cost nothing for repairs—in fact, was more modern in every way—then and only then could you successfully compete—and win.

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The reason why is told in our catalogue—by our agents—by the work the machine does—by the unprejudiced business man who has compared the Fox with others.

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Will you give the Fox a chance to make good? It costs nothing to try—we do not ask anything more of you than you yourself ask of others for your own goods.

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New 1905 Catalogue Just Out

It describes the machine in detail and will be mailed on request.

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The Reading Table

The Curing of William Hicks

Bill Hicks had asthma—shook the floors
With each recurring paroxysm;
The doctors made him live outdoors,
And that gave him the rheumatism.

The doctors cured his rheumatiz—
Of that there never was a question.
Strong acids stopped those pains of his,
But left him ill of indigestion.

Dyspepsia fled before a course
Of eating grain. It would delight us
To cheer this plan till we were hoarse—
But Hicks then had appendicitis.

He rallied from the surgeon's knife,
And laid six weeks without a quiver.
The operation saved his life—
The loafing, though, knocked out his liver.

To cure his liver troubles he
Tried muscle stunts—you know how they go:
From liver ails he then was free,
But all the strains gave him lumbago.

Lumbago is a painful thing;
A masseuse with a visage solemn
Rubbed the lumbago out by spring,
But twisted poor Bill's spinal column.

To rid his backbone of the twist
They used some braces. They were careless—
The padding for his head they missed;
This made him straight and left him hairless.

Drugs were prescribed to grow his hair.
These acted just as represented;
They put his scalp in good repair,
But soaked in, and left Hicks demented.

Then to a sanatorium
They took Bill. He was wisely treated;
His brain with health began to hum—
Then asthma!—ward was poorly heated.

"More open air," the doctors said.
Bill Hicks cried: "No, you shall not lure me.
I'll stay in peace upon my bed,
And shoot the man that tries to cure me!"

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

When Cullom Sang

THERE are few who can tell a story better than Senator Cullom, nor is this the only way in which the veteran Senator reminds one of his friend, President Lincoln.

Standing recently in the corridor at the entrance to the Foreign Relations committee-room, with several members of the committee, of which he is chairman, the Senator announced that there were not more than half a dozen persons in the world who had ever heard him sing. He had been relating an incident connected with a commission upon which he served.

"At the end," he said, "we gave ourselves a parting dinner, and before we parted some one said we ought to sing Auld Lang Syne; so we stood up and held hands and one fellow started us going. But he started so high that at the end of the first line nobody had anything to say. We let go to get a better hold, and another fellow started so low that at the end of the second line it got lost under the table. Well, we stood still and waited. Nobody seemed ready to take the responsibility. I thought it was too bad to have the bill lost just for want of a leader when the whole house stood ready to back it, so I drew a long breath and sailed in. We got through first-rate that time, clean to the end without a break, but I've never sung a note in my life, before nor since."

No Such Word as Fail

THE Makaroff memorial just issued recalls the visit to Washington paid by the stalwart Admiral immediately before the outbreak of the war in the East. The part of Washington which pleased him best was the National Museum, where he was under the guidance of one of the best informed anthropologists in America, the acting dean, Professor Otis T. Mason.

Professor Mason is as small as he is mighty, but straight as an arrow, in spite of

Mr. Edison's Ambition

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More than half of you who read this are thinking of the squeaky out-of-date machines in stations and ferry-houses, and the roaring scratchy imitations that your neighbor played silly tunes on all summer. Don't forget that your neighbor played the kind of music ***he*** likes and ***he*** enjoyed it. With an EDISON PHONOGRAPH you can have ***your*** kind too.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH amuses—it thrills. It educates the children; providing a grade of music in rendering and perfection of tone, that nothing else on earth can bring into the home. It is the safe resource of the hostess. It plays for dancing. It is the vaudeville, the play, the concert. It plays the things you like as often as you like. It is better than the show itself, where more than half bores you and only part is pleasing. It is your own little show, with slippers and smoking jacket, in town or country. In mechanical features it is far superior to anything of its kind ever produced. It runs for years without variation.

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Our New Spring Catalogue and samples sent **FREE** on request.
The catalogue illustrates and describes 157 of New York's latest and best styles in Tailor-made Suits, Silk Costumes, Shirt-waist Suits, Rain Coats, Jackets and Separate Skirts. We carry a stock of over 500 materials especially suitable for making these garments.

Many of our customers will be wearing the New Spring Styles before local stores are even in a position to show them. That's only **ONE** of several reasons why our catalogue and samples are indispensable to every woman who wishes to dress fashionably and at moderate cost.

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WILLIAM R. COMPTON, 8 Wardell Building, Macon, Mo.

his white hair; and every inch of him a man. He looked like a picturesque pocket edition beside the magnificent Makaroff, with his broad shoulders and massive chest and huge beard.

They were standing before the incomplete Russian exhibit. Professor Mason explained several reasons why the collector had failed to do his duty, ending, according to his invariable kindness, with the remark: "I suppose we must consider them as adequate excuse."

Instantly Admiral Makaroff replied: "There are plenty of reasons but there is never an excuse for any failure."

His deep voice was like velvet thunder. It made whatever he said seem momentous. And he came by the principle honestly. It ran in the family. His grandfather once received an order from the Czar direct, which was so difficult of execution that the Czar closed with the unusual words:

"Can it be done?"

"Sire," the General replied, "if it is possible it will be done. If it is impossible — it shall be done."

Decisions of the Court

JUDGE CRUTCHFIELD, of Richmond, Virginia, is credited with a sharper wit than any jurist in Virginia. On one occasion he had two cases before him, one being that of "Red" Foster, of the Richmond baseball team, and the other a man charged with picking pockets. The Judge is a baseball enthusiast, and Foster's case was called first, in order that the baseball player might get into a game which the Judge intended to see. In fact, he often adjourned the police court in order to attend a game. The testimony was conclusive, and "Red" was fined ten dollars for striking a negro.

"If you could hit the ball, 'Red,' as hard as you hit that black man you'd be a star," remarked his Honor.

The pickpocket then came up, and pleaded not guilty; but he was friendless, and the Judge said that he was a suspicious character anyway, and fined him ten dollars. The unfortunate fellow said that he only had seven dollars in his possession, whereupon the Judge said to the bailiff:

"Turn this man loose in this crowd, and if he don't raise enough in half an hour to pay his fine he is innocent; let him go."

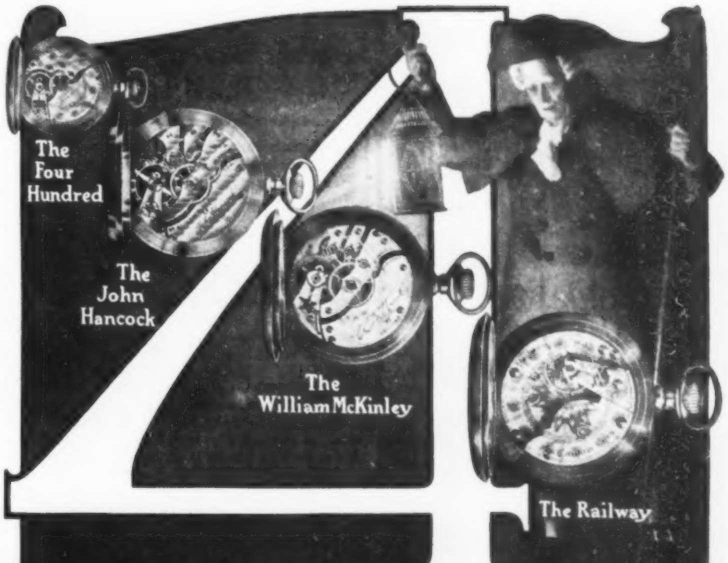
By picking no pockets for half an hour the fellow proved his innocence, and was discharged.

Ahead of the Game

OCCASIONALLY, the American who starts out to "blow himself" to an extensive and showy foreign trip finds that his money is absorbed with greater rapidity than he expected and that he must call into play the same faculties by which his money was originally gained or else step out of the game with the reputation of a "quitter." Not long since a young man of humble circumstances entered the brokerage business and in the course of a year found himself in possession of a very comfortable fortune. He was wiser than most of his kind and decided that the only way in which he could "beat the game" was to leave "the Street" before his money left him. From boyhood he had dreamed of a trip around the world — and now he had the money with which to make that dream a tangible and present reality. He engaged passage and paid in advance for a "personally-conducted tour of the world," with all the extras figured into the bill. But when he reached Japan he concluded that he wished to cut loose from the schedule, "chuck" the itinerary, and blaze a trail of his own. This involved a very large additional expense, as he insisted upon traveling in "good shape." The additional expenditures cut into his fortune rather deeply, and when he reached India he realized that it was necessary to use a little American strategy or cut down the scale of his living.

But he was fully equal to the emergency. When he was ready to move on to another city he would send its chief official dignitary an unsigned telegram stating that "Mr. Harding Herbert Hughes and suite will arrive by the evening train." The official dignitaries were always on hand to welcome him; he was given royal entertainment and responded by modestly entertaining his official friends.

While he thus paid his social obligations, the financial ledger showed a goodly balance in his favor. In his own words he was "a long way ahead of the game," and enjoyed himself tenfold because of the spice of adventure involved.



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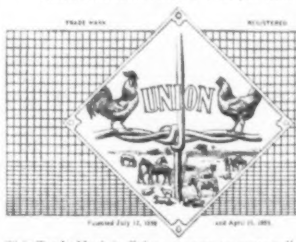

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Roosevelt and Corporation Reform

(Continued from Page 9)

policies are the result of different views as to which policy—high prices or low prices; broad management or narrow management—will, in the long run, give safely the highest profit.

The Standard Oil Company, whose stock sells around 640, and cannot be considered watered; the United States Steel Company, whose common stock now sells around 30, and is considered somewhat aqueous; the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, whose stock now sells around 138; and the Erie, whose stock now sells around 39, all are seeking to make the highest profits possible in their business without destroying or diminishing it. If they are not—under some theory that they owe it to the public not to make so high a rate of earnings upon their capitalization—let some one prove it and see how long the stockholders will allow that kind of a management to stay in power. Now our argument is not to the effect that the Government or the municipality should have nothing to do with corporations operating under special franchises. It is to the effect that, if the Government or municipality is to correct unreasonable rates of charge, they should do it directly and not by laws interfering both with rates and with capitalization.

Capitalization is inherently a matter of private contract. It is one of the means by which a company puts itself into condition to render a public service. To limit by law the right to devise means, except they be fraudulent, is to limit to some extent the moral right to demand certain results. The people have a right to demand of their public service corporations good service at reasonable rates.

If the Government or municipality has fixed or limited the capitalization of the natural monopoly it has limited its moral right to impose rates which may be otherwise reasonable for the community, unless, at the same time, they afford a reasonable return upon the actual investment represented by stocks or bonds at par. But suppose the proceeds of the bonds and stocks at par have been so unwisely expended that the company cannot properly serve the community at what would be reasonable rates in ordinary circumstances, and still receive a proper return upon its actual investment. By this limitation on capitalization the tendency is to saddle upon the community the cost of any indifference or incompetency in handling the business.

We have, in this country, a good illustration of the adverse effects upon the public of what may be considered the paternal protection and regulation of the capitalization of corporations operating natural monopolies. This is the Massachusetts Gas Commission Law. Many economists have long praised this law, professing to see in its limitations upon the rights of capitalization and the rate of earnings thereon benefits to the community. Within the next few years, however, if not sooner, I think impartial economists will be practically a unit upon the failure of the law in its present form properly to conserve the best interests of Massachusetts gas consumers. The criticism is not of the right of the commission to regulate prices of gas, but of the policy of regulating capitalization.

The effect of the Massachusetts law has been to discourage proper efforts to better the service or reduce rates after the stockholders received the limit in the rate of dividend legally allowed them. Massachusetts gas consumers, as a whole, are now being injured in the matter of both gas service and gas rates as compared with companies in other States operating some of them under restrictions as to rates, but all without restrictions upon the right of capitalization. As some one has said, many Massachusetts gas companies, paying their regular dividends upon their limited capitalization, have gone to sleep.

Many of them, if notified simultaneously of compulsory cheaper prices for gas and freedom to capitalize in any way they please, provided it would not involve fraud on any one, would immediately modernize their business, increase their mileage of mains and better their service in order to induce the larger consumption necessary to reduce the cost of production and to produce the old or a larger rate of profits. Leading economists are already recognizing the defects of this law, formerly so universally praised. Its main defect is interference in capitalization

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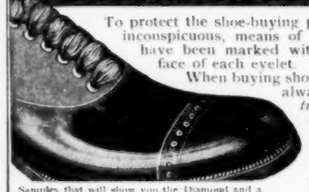

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designed to prevent stock watering. It prevents it, but, by so doing, it interferes with the proper protection which the commission should afford the public in the way of imposing reasonable rates upon gas companies.

And so it would be with railroads, waterworks and electric light companies. As it is with such corporations, so it would be with corporations operating in competitive business.

The proposed laws to reform corporations should not interfere with capitalization except to prevent fraud, and fraud is not inherently involved in watered stock. They should recognize that appraisement of property through stock issues does not mean realization on them. Such laws should be most carefully considered and should be aimed at the prevention of fraud by means of watered stock, not at the abolition of the right of owners of property both to appraise and manage it through stock issues. If we tamper with watered stock by legislation in an madvisable way we may not only fail to secure relief from its alleged evils but most seriously handicap our business and commerce.

The investigator into proposed laws to regulate corporations must give proper thought to the business contracts as between individuals which are implied in great corporations. The problems of to-day relating to corporations are first those relating to the misuse of corporation laws in order to disguise unfair contracts through involved corporate charters and security issues, and, second, those relating to the attitude of Government toward corporations which have grown to such size that they have come into relations with the people at large, often by the reduction in the price of a commodity to the point where competition by others is unprofitable. In the latter cases, where this result is due to the enjoyment of improper special privileges, interference by law is demanded to abolish such privileges.

In regard to the first class of problems—and it is with these that this article has been chiefly concerned—if I have rightly interpreted the idea of "publicity," it has for at least one of its purposes the aiding of the prospective or present stockholder to a clearer perception of the basic contract underlying the corporation of which he is or proposes to be a part owner. While efforts along this line involve many debatable questions as to invasion of private rights by Government, they will not be opposed by many properly organized corporations. When all is said and done, however, we shall still find the business man relying chiefly on himself for protection from imposition. Let us quote Thomas B. Reed once more:

"Almost everybody announces that what we need is 'publicity.' Even this is vague. Do you expect the public to be intrusted with the cost sheets? If you do not, then what will your publicity amount to? If you mean by 'publicity' such a statement as will enable the outsider to buy wisely, or the stockholder to sell at the true value, I fear we may be going beyond the province of free government, which certainly thus far has left the task of keeping his fingers out of the fire to the citizen whose fingers they were."

One leaves this parting word to the investor: In considering any stock investment, remember the simple method of analyzing the fundamental contract underlying every corporation to ascertain whether, if relating only to several individuals instead of several classes of security holders, it would be fair or unfair. Uncover the "intent" of corporations, for beneath each one is a fair or unfair one. When the unfair one is found heed the danger flag, even though the future profits of the corporation seem likely to be so large as to offset the initial disadvantage of the outside investor in its securities. Men who propose unfair divisions of prospective profits are not likely to be good trustees of accumulated profits.

If there is anything in the signs of the times the United States as a whole is passing through a period of agitation similar to that which some years ago resulted in the Granger legislation in a number of Western States.

That there should be a change in laws to correct existing abuses does not admit of doubt; but it is well to remember that laws affecting our highly developed, interdependent and sensitive business relations should not involve a too radical application of untried remedies. Theodore Roosevelt possesses, under the Constitution, not only the right of suggestion to Congress, but the right of veto upon its action. He has assumed the leadership of an existing public sentiment favoring legislative and judicial correction of certain corporation practices. To be the true man and true leader we all believe him to be

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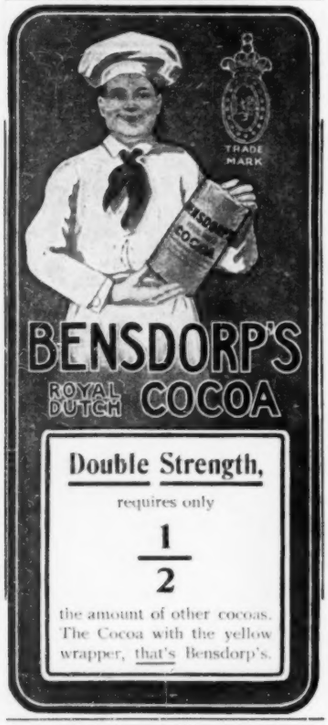

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it is possible that he must finally stand against a tendency toward too radical legislative action.

Roosevelt, the man, may be approaching another great test. If he accomplishes his purposes in compelling legislation—and the American people who have watched his career believe he will—he must then hold his mind in an equipoise which may sorely disappoint the radicals who now applaud.

It is not the highest test of strength to lead aroused public sentiment. The highest test is to oppose it when it is wrong. A President loves popularity. To a public man it is often the wine of life. And yet the President who does right must at times risk its temporary loss. As McKinley preserved our national dignity only by risking his popularity in standing against the recognition of the Cuban Republic and those who would rush unpreparedly into war, so Roosevelt may have to undergo similar risks for right principles in connection with the movement he has inaugurated. That he will be willing to risk all for the right his past indicates; and this belief in his willingness is the basis of the general confidence that his efforts will lead to improved conditions and not to chaos and reaction.

A Place for Boys

By J. W. Foley

Ma, she says: "S-s-h-h!" Pa, he says: "Don't!"
  Aunt Lou, she says: "Kee-ee-eep still!"
An' Grampa says: "Oh, go outside
  If you mus' wissle, Bill!"
An' even Jane, the hired girl,
  Says, "Goodness, hush that noise!"
It's plain enough to me 'at home
  Ain't no fit place for boys.

'En Pa says: "S-s-h-h!" an' Ma says: "Don't!"
  An' Grampa says: "Land sakes!"
An' 'en Aunt Lou says: "Gracious me!
  What noise one youngster makes!"
An' Jack, the hired man, he says:
  "My Heavens! W'at a noise!"
So I 'ist have to go outside,
  'Cuz home's no place for boys.

'En I go down to Uncle Jack's,
  An' he says: "Gracious me!
Here is that nevvy boy of mine,
  Come on, Aunt Moll, an' see!"
'En we 'ist go inside an' make
  Such a big lot of noise,
It seems to me 'at Uncle Jack's
  The only place for boys.

Nobody never says "S-s-h-h!" there
  Or "Don't!" an' Uncle Jack
'Ist cuts up capers like a boy
  Till it's time to go back.
An' 'en, 'ist like it was before,
  Aunt Lou says: "Tush, boy, tush!"
Pa says: "Now, Bill, don't slam the door!"
  An' Ma, she 'ist says: "Hush!"

Gosh, but I'd like to live somew'eres
  W'ere people don't say "Tush!"
Or "Goodness me!" or "Sakes alive!"
  Or "Don't!" or "S-s-h-h!" or "Hush!"
W'enever I 'ist squeak a chair
  Or make a little noise,
'Cuz such a place as that would be
  A bully place for boys!

Her Li'l' Boy

By Frank L. Stanton

Who dat in de big road, comin' 'long alone?
Bet you dat's de li'l' boy dat's ever'body's own!
Des so black he's purty! — singin' on de way —
White folks got him gwine ever' minute in de day!

Come 'long, my honey,
De sheep in de shed;
Mister Kildee a-cryin',
En de sun gone ter bed!

Who dat in de rainpath whar de ha'nts is makin' moan?
Bet you dat's de li'l' boy dat's ever'body's own!
Don't you hear him singin', des too sweet ter tell?
"Good-night, my white folks, I wish you mighty well!"

Come 'long, my honey,
De sheep in de shed;
Mister Kildee a-cryin',
En de sun gone ter bed!

Your letters come into closer touch

with inquirers and intending buyers than any other form of advertising you do. Then they should be good — which means first of all that they must be written on good paper.

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"Look for the Water Mark"

is good paper for letterheads and other business stationery — many business men tell us it is the best. See for yourself. Write us *on your present letterhead* for the Book of Specimens. It shows OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND in white and fourteen colors, printed, lithographed and steel die stamped in letterheads, checks, etc.

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Either style, ready to cover, sent prepaid for $2.00

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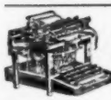

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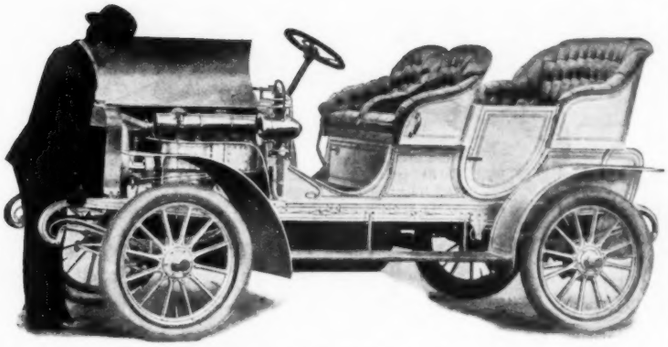

The WINTON *of* 1905

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Simplest and best system we ever used.

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All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are equipped with our patented oven thermometer. It saves fuel and makes baking and roasting easy. All our stoves and ranges are blacked, polished and ready for immediate use and any man can set them up without any trouble.

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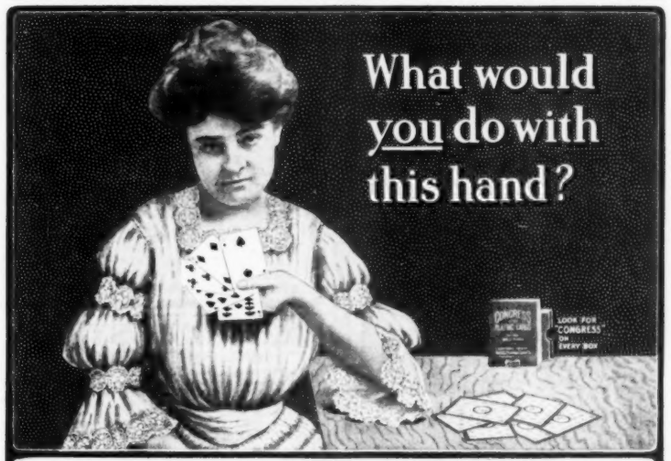

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are the correct thing in every particular for social and home use. **Initial series** (all letters). Also Club and Pictorial series. For Whist, Poker, Euchre, etc. Smooth, satiny finish. 65 designs. **Send us 50c.** a pack for designs wanted. Illustrations sent free.

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Card Games and How to Play Them, 160 pages; Entertaining with Cards, 64 pages; Whist and Duplicate Whist, 104 pages, each, paper, 10 cents; cloth, 25 cents. Vest Pocket Editions—Cinch or High Five, Hearts, Skat, Pinochle, Poker, Bridge, Euchre, Fan Tan, Five Hundred, each, paper, 5 cents; cloth, 10 cents.

We send all of above goods, prepaid, on receipt of price, if your dealer does not supply them.

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PRESIDENT Suspenders

None so easy. None so effectively guaranteed. 50c and $1.00, any store, anywhere, or mailed postpaid.
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
Box 31S, Shirley, Mass.

Rose of the World

(Continued from Page 7)

the hours when all had hung upon their leader in the crucial emergency, "there is no time for explanation. Every moment just now is precious. I must have this beard off — I want scissors, razors." As he spoke he tore his long coat from his back; he caught up the razors on the dressing-table with impatient hands. "Scissors, man, scissors! And for Heaven's sake, give me some more light!"

Bethune sprang out of bed as if he had indeed gone back to that past of which he had been dreaming, and his commanding officer had called upon his services.

No stranger scene had ever been enacted within the narrow limits of this antique room, nor one more fraught with vital significance: though here, perchance, life had been born, and from here, surely, life had departed.

A silence as heavy as the last doom lay between the comrades; and every second as it passed was ticked off, it seemed, by Bethune's heart. Death they had faced together often — it was at the test of life that friendship had faltered.

Swiftly the glossy wings of the Pathan's beard fell under the snipping blades. And when he had exhausted what aid he could render, Bethune sat on the edge of the bed and watched the passing of Saif-u-din and the rising of Harry English from the dead.

There was one moment of outward triviality which yet, to the looker-on, was charged with a pain almost beyond bearing; it was when English, with the lather white upon his chin and cheek, turned quickly around upon him with hands outstretched for a towel. How often had not he seen his comrade thus, in the old days when they had lived together, marched together, laughed and fought and suffered together, and he had been so happy!

The shaving accomplished, Captain English bent forward to the mirror and occupied himself with minute care in trimming and combing the flaunting, upturned mustache of the Pathan back to the old sober limits. There was not a quiver in the strong, busy hands.

Vaguely Bethune, in the chaos of his thoughts, wondered how he could ever have believed this man dead. Such as he did not die so long as they were wanted in life.

Then it was Harry English, indeed, that looked around. If Bethune's brain had had room for any doubt the doubt must have died at that instant. Harry English, pallid, where for years the Eastern beard had grown so close — almost as with the pallor of the cheek upon which the earth has lain — worn, not so much by these same years as by a devouring impatience sternly held; but the old leader nevertheless, with such a light in his dark eyes as had been wont to kindle there when he called his men into the heart of the fight.

He spoke suddenly, abruptly; and the other found once more the exorbitant situation heightened rather than lowered by the very triviality of the words that marked it:

"I suppose," he said, "that you can lend me a coat. Where is it? In your bag?"

He could not wait for his companion to draw his wits together. In a couple of movements the whole contents of the portmanteau were on the floor, and his arm was already in the sleeve of a shooting-jacket.

This urgency of haste, under strong control though it was, awoke an answering fever in Bethune's veins. Oh, there was no need of words to make him understand! When he thought of her to whom the husband was hastening his own heart beat to madness.

In two steps Harry was at the door, when Bethune, with an inarticulate sound, flung himself before him, stretching out his arms. So poignantly familiar did the old comrade look in the shabby shooting-coat that his heart was all dissolved within him for truth and tenderness.

A second English fixed his friend with cold and steel-bright glance, inquiring; then his face relaxed.

"Not now, Raymond," said he, put him on one side with quick but kindly touch, and was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IT IS SAFE

LOOK HERE

for the SAFETY LEVER

The hammer cannot hit the firing pin or the cartridge. *When you pull the trigger* (only) this lever rises and carries the blow to the firing pin.

New York Office: 99 Chambers St.

As safe in the home as a kitchen table and just as important. You *may* be so fortunate as to never need the services of a revolver to defend your life, property and the lives of those depending on your protection, but you can't tell — no one of the hundreds robbed and murdered every year suspected that he or she would be the next.

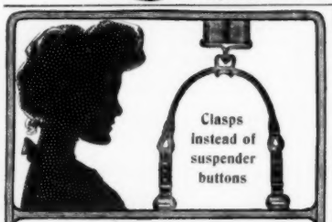
IVER JOHNSON

REVOLVERS

are made for your protection *in every way*. The "Iver Johnson" is the original safety revolver, and the only one with a safety mechanism worthy the name.

Hammer, $5.00; Hammerless, $6.00. For sale by all Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers. Learn about them anyway—it costs you nothing. If you will ask for it, we will gladly send you our bright little booklet, "Shots," together with our handsome catalogue.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, Fitchburg, Mass.



The wife of an up-to-date man never has any sewing on of suspender buttons to do. Her husband wears

Buttonless Suspenders

with neat nickel-plated clasps which take the place of the six suspender buttons. These little clasps hold unbreakably, yet cannot injure the cloth.

Any dealer can supply the "Buttonless." If he won't, we will send sample pair on receipt of **50c**

Write for booklet. Agents wanted.

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BEST SEEDS that GROW!

Royal TRADE MARK

THE "WHITEST" COLLAR MADE

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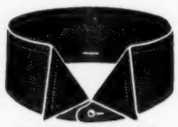

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Restu worn in any shoe by anybody. Comfortable and restful. Affords instant relief from rheumatism of the feet, weak ankles, cramp of the toes, or bunions. Prevents flat-foot and gives a graceful arch to the instep. Write for interesting booklet.

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solve the problem. No hammer needed: *you push them in with your fingers.* Made of **STEEL** and polished **GLASS**; strong and ornamental. Can be used over and over. Sold at stationery, house-furnishing and photo-supply stores or mailed prepaid for **10c per packet of ½ dozen,** or **20c. per box of 1 dozen,** either size. No. 1 like cut, size No. 2 longer handle.
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of **Standard bred poultry for 1905,** printed in colors, **fine chromo,** suitable for framing, illustrates and describes **60** varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. **This book only 10 cents.**

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SURPASSING IN MUSICAL VALUE

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LEARN IN 3 DAYS to 3 weeks to play popular airs on

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and in a short time you will become a musician. Our famous chart system makes learning wonderfully easy. Ask your music dealer about it—or, as a first step, **write to-day** for our fascinating book,

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It is free and will enlighten and interest you. It will point the way to **profit** and **popularity**. Send for the book at once.

PHONOHARP CO., 157 Liverpool St., East Boston, Mass.

DOCTOR: If you want practical post-graduate work during fine season in the delightful city, write for particulars.

New Orleans Polyclinic, P. O. Box 797

"A Bird in a Gilded Cage"

(Concluded from Page 5)

"But weren't they nice flats?" said Anne.

"They were. I was just passing."

"So was I, and——"

"The bath is very——"

"Yes, and the dining-room——"

"I took the refusal of——"

"*You did?* Oh, my dear, so did I."

"But we can't go, you know," said I.

"No, of course, we couldn't go, but——"

"Anne," I leaned forward and whispered.

"*You rented it!*" she gasped.

"I did. I paid the first installment. I ordered the storage man to send our things."

"My goodness! But this house——"

"We'll have to run away."

"You said you hated flats."

"We can talk of that another time," said I, when we're in one."

In a week the little flat was ready. We spent all our time there now—even cooking our luncheon over a perfectly good-tempered gas stove that was used to the best families; we bought it of the janitor, a real janitor, who rowed with us pleasantly over every point. We began to feel our natural selves. At night we stole back to our grandeur.

Our plans weren't made. It was our idea just to arrange the flat and—well, leave it, perhaps, when it was all done, and go back to the Knickerbocker safe deposit. But there came a night—— The coals burned handsomely in the little grate. We lighted the candles with the pinkish shades. It was quite time to be starting for the mansion.

"I'll be hanged if I do!" said I suddenly.

"It's *home*," Anne murmured happily.

"Anne—let's write the Applebys and—and—oh, just tell 'em we feel—you know—feel as if we'd got it out of our system."

Anne smiled retrospectively. "I wrote Lily to-day—something like that."

"By Jove, did you? I—well, I wrote old Appleby that, too, to-day."

We spent that night in at home.

Afterward we grew bold and hardened in sin. We took our clothes away from The House on a shallow pretext of paying a week's visit—we did this on the butler's day out, I may say. Deliberately we went to live in our flat. We loved our flat. We went about chanting loudly, "This is *our* flat. This is *our* egg-beater. This is *our* sink-shovel. This is *our* soap-dish."

When the week had expired we agreed to take turns in going up to the Knickerbockers' place. I was to go one day, Anne the next. I confess it with shame, but we went only twice in the succeeding six days. Twice we forgot, and twice—we didn't.

On the seventh day we flipped a cent to see who should make the Roman holiday. Anne lost. So we went together. We rang guiltily. Charles answered the bell. He seemed unwell. The butler and three of the maids emerged from the magenta library. They, too, seemed unwell. We paused awkwardly. The butler coughed miserably, and one of the maids sat down suddenly on the floor and burst into wild tears. Charles, too, was overcome with emotion.

A moist odor of strong drink pervaded the air. There was nothing to be done. Everything had been done that could be done, I gathered.

The butler arose, or, rather, he staggered to the occasion.

"Charles," he coughed affectingly, "hescort the lidies to the lower 'all. Hi beg your pardon, sir; hi'm suffering from a severe cold, sir, and——"

"You may go, Janson," said I solemnly. "I'll speak to you later." I couldn't recall the formula for intoxicated butler.

"This is a nice thing we've got into," faltered Anne when Janson had hauled himself out. "What *shall* we do?"

My eye caught a letter lying on a table. It was for Anne, and bore a foreign postmark. "Read it, Anne. Let's know the worst. They've probably decided to stay another two months."

Anne gave a deep groan of relief.

"My dear, my dear, they've changed their plans—they'll be home to-morrow!"

"Thank Heaven!" I cried. "Wait till I tell the butler. And he won't dare tell on us if we don't tell on him and the others."

"It's wicked but—when I think——"

"Of our little flat, Anne——"

Anne smiled uncertainly—she's not much of a sinner at best.

"I'll go up and give Lambie a bath, I think," she said.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS

More Than ½ the Shave

depends upon the lather, and the lather depends upon getting Williams' Shaving Soap. Most used because it has never been equaled in ability to soften the beard, keep a rich, moist, creamy lather, allay irritation, and make shaving easy and safe.

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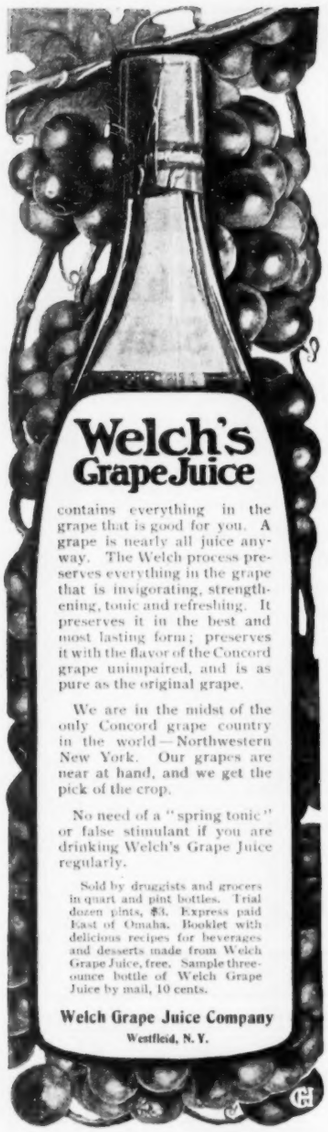

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Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, N. Y.

A DIARY FROM DIXIE

(Continued from Page 3)

APRIL —.—Arranging my photograph book. On the first page, Colonel Watts. Here goes a sketch of his life; romantic enough, surely: Beaufort Watts; bluest blood; gentleman to the tips of his fingers; chivalry incarnate. He was placed in charge of a large amount of money in bank bills. The money belonged to the State and he was to deposit it in the bank. On the way he was obliged to stay over one night. He put the roll on a table at his bedside, locked himself in, and slept the sleep of the righteous. Lo, next day, when he awoke, the money was gone! Well! all who knew him believed him innocent, of course. He searched and they searched, high and low, but to no purpose. The money had vanished. It was a damaging story, in spite of his previous character, and a cloud rested on him.

Many years afterward the house where he had taken that disastrous sleep was pulled down. In the wall, behind the wainscot, was found his pile of money. How the rats got it through so narrow a crack it seemed hard to realize. Like the hole mentioned by Mercutio, it was not as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but it did for Beaufort Watts until the money was found. Suppose that house had been burned, or the rats had gnawed up the bills past recognition?

People in power understood how this proud man suffered those many years in silence. Many men looked askance at him. The country tried to repair the work of blasting the man's character. He was made Secretary of Legation to Russia and afterward Consul at Santa Fé de Bogota. When he was too old to wander far afield they made him Secretary to the Governors of South Carolina in regular succession.

I knew him more than twenty years ago as Secretary to the Governor. He was a made-up old battered dandy, the soul of honor. His eccentricities were all humored. Misfortune had made him sacred. He stood hat in hand before ladies and bowed as I suppose Sir Charles Grandison might have done. It was hard not to laugh at the purple and green shades of his overblack hair. He came at one time to show me the sword presented to Colonel Shelton for killing the only Indian who was killed in the Seminole War. We bagged Osceola and Micanopy under a flag of truce—that is, they were snared, not shot on the wing.

To go back to my knight-errant: he knelt, handed me the sword, and then kissed my hand. I was barely sixteen and did not know how to behave under the circumstances. He said, leaning on the sword, "My dear child, learn that it is a much greater liberty to shake hands with a lady than to kiss her hand. I have kissed the Empress of Russia's hand and she did not make faces at me."

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, April 27.—Mr. Chesnut has gone with Wade Hampton to see President Davis about the legion Wade wants to get up. The President came across the aisle to speak to me at church to-day. He was very cordial, and I appreciated the honor.

Wigfall is black with rage at Colonel Anderson's account of the fall of Sumter. Wigfall did behave magnanimously, and Anderson does not seem to see it in that light. "Catch me risking my life to save him again," says Wigfall. "He might have been man enough to tell the truth to those New Yorkers, however unpalatable to them a good word for us might have been. We did behave well to him. The only men of his killed he killed himself, or they killed themselves firing a salute."

Mr. Chesnut was delighted with the way Anderson spoke to him when he went to demand the surrender. They parted quite tenderly. Anderson said: "If we do not meet again on earth I hope we may meet in Heaven." How Wigfall laughed at Anderson "giving Chesnut a howdy in the other world!"

At Mrs. Davis' reception dismal news, for civil war seems certain. At Mrs. Toombs' reception Mr. Stephens came by me. He was not cheerful in his views. I called him half-hearted and accused him of looking back. Man after man came and interrupted the conversation with some frivle-fravle, but we held on. Fears for the future and not exultation at our successes pervade his discourse.

Dined at the President's and never had a pleasanter day. He is as witty as he is wise. He was very agreeable; he took me in to

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Edwin Duryea, Jr., Chief Engineer, BAY CITIES WATER COMPANY, San Francisco, writes:

October 12, 1904.

I have used your Holeproof Sox various times for six or eight years past and like them very much, and I send you herewith check for three sets for myself and some friends.

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dinner. The talk was of Washington; nothing of our present difficulties.

A General Anderson from Alexandria, District of Columbia, was in doleful dumps. He says the North are so much better prepared than we are. They are organized, or will be, by General Scott. We are in wild confusion. Their army is the best in the world. We are wretchedly armed, etc.

We would have war, and now we seem to be letting our golden opportunity pass; we are not preparing for war. There is talk, talk, talk in that Congress — lazy legislators, the rash, reckless, headlong, devil-may-care, proud, passionate, unruly, raw material for soldiers. They say we have among us a regiment of spies, men and women, sent here by the wily Seward. Why? Our newspapers tell every word there is to be told.

MAY 19. — Mrs. Fitzpatrick says Mr. Davis is too gloomy for her. He says we must prepare for a long war and unmerciful reverses at first, because they are readier for war and so much stronger numerically. Men and money count so in war.

I drove out with Mrs. Davis. She finds playing Mrs. President of this small Confederacy slow work after leaving Washington. I do not blame her. The wrench has been awful with us all, but we don't mean to be turned into pillars of salt.

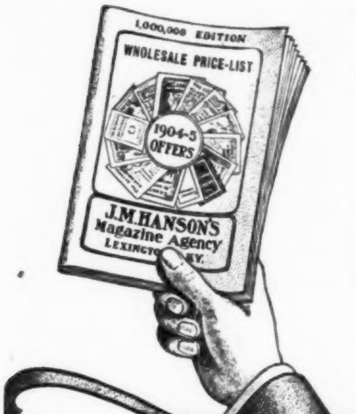
MAY 20. — Lunched at Mrs. Davis'; everything nice to eat, and I was ravenous. For a fortnight I have not even gone to the dinner-table. Yesterday I was forced to dine on cold asparagus and blackberries, so repulsive in aspect was the other food they sent me. Mrs. Davis was as nice as the luncheon. When she is in the mood I do not know so pleasant a person. She is awfully clever, always. We talked of this move from Montgomery. Mr. Chesnut opposes it violently, because this is so central a position for our Government. He wants our troops sent into Maryland in order to make our fight on the border, and so to encompass Washington. I see that the uncomfortable hotels here will at last move the Congress. Our statesmen love their ease, and it will be hot here in summer. "I do hope they will go," Mrs. Davis said. "The Yankees will make it hot for us, go where we will, and truly so if war comes." "And it has come," said I. "Yes, I fancy these dainty folks may live to regret losing even the fare of the Montgomery hotels." "Never." Jeff Davis, I dare say, has fifty men every day come to him with infallible plans to save the country. Mrs. Davis says he answers all advisers in softly modulated dulcet accents.

What a rough menagerie we have here. And if nice people come to see you up walks an irate Judge, who engrosses the conversation and abuses the friends of the company generally — that is, abuses everybody and prophesies every possible evil to the country, provided he finds that denouncing your friends does not sufficiently depress you.

Mr. Chesnut has three crazes: Maryland is to be made the seat of war, old Morrow's idea of buying up steamers abroad for our coast defenses should be adopted, and, last of all, but far from the least, we must grow much cotton and send it to England as a bank to draw on. The very cotton we have now, if sent across the water, would be a gold mine.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, May 25. — Met John Darby at Atlanta, and told him he was surgeon of the Hampton Legion, which delighted him. He had had adventures. With only a few moments on the platform to interchange confidences, he said he had remained a little too long in the Medical College in Philadelphia, where he was some kind of a professor, and they had been within an ace of hanging him as a Southern spy. "Rope was ready," he sniggered. At Atlanta, when he unguardedly said he was fresh from Philadelphia, he barely escaped lynching, being taken for a Northern spy. "Lively life I am having among you, on both sides," he said, hurrying away. And I moaned, "Here was John Darby like to have been killed by both sides, and no time to tell me the curious coincidences." What marvelous experiences a little war begins to produce.

MAY 27. — They look for a fight at Norfolk. Beauregard is there. I think if I were a man I'd be there, too. Also, Harper's Ferry is to be attacked. The Confederate flag has been cut down at Alexandria by a man named Ellsworth, who was in command of Zouaves. Jackson was the name of the person who shot Ellsworth in the act. Sixty of our cavalry have been taken by Sherman's brigade. Deeper and deeper we go in.



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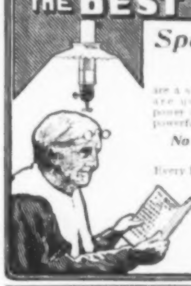

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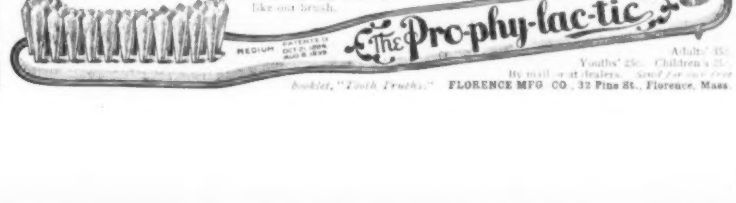

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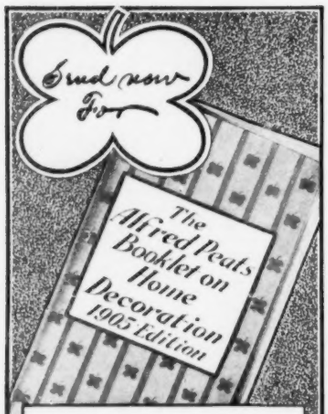

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The Speculations of John Steele

(Concluded from Page 11)

been made, of which I am the quite innocent victim. You are the victims, too, for that matter, for after all, it is not a mistake, but a conspiracy. I can see, however, that nothing I may say will mitigate the situation in the slightest degree, so I sha'n't indulge in useless declamation. Three things are fixed: I am the owner of this mine; I have cheated you out of your pay for four months; I am to be hanged. There comes into my mind at this moment something I have read somewhere, about hangings at Newgate Prison in England. They drop a man; then all concerned go at once to enjoy what is called the 'hanging breakfast.' Let's have a 'hanging lunch.'"

"Stranger, as I understand your remarks, the person turned off didn't attend that breakfast."

"No, he didn't."

"Very well, stranger, we'll look after the lunch when you're strung up."

"But, excuse me, the victim had a hearty breakfast before he was hanged. Now, I point out to you that I drank my coffee just about daylight this morning, and from then till now I've been traveling over the worst set of mountains it has ever been my privilege to encounter. I'm as hungry as a bear. I therefore insist on your lunching with me, and I shall give you a meal such as you wouldn't better at the Millionaires' Club.

"Now, Jackson," cried Steele enthusiastically, "set up the stoves! You've got to cook dinner for the party. Gentlemen, I take it you don't need an appetizer, but what will you drink before we begin?"

"See here, you fellows," said the leader, "we've got to deal with a pretty slippery customer. You know what them city men are. Now, there's no drinking till after the performance; you hear me!"

Jackson handed round sardines and other tempting extras, while Steele put the collapsible table on its legs, and opened various boxes, from one of which he took out a case of champagne, and another of Scotch whisky. Then getting a large pitcher which had been intended as the water-holder of his tent, he poured two bottles of Scotch whisky into it, followed by bottle after bottle of champagne until the jug was full.

"Although you may not care to consume intoxicating liquors—and I quite agree with you that it is best to keep sober—I hope you have no objection to temperance drinks. Who'll have some cider?"

"That's all right; pour it out!" said the leader.

The young man himself poured out full glasses to each.

"By jiminy crickets!" cried the leader, "that's the best cider I ever tasted."

"It's the very best cider made in this country," said Steele earnestly, "and thank goodness, I've got plenty of it."

As course after course was served, and bumper after bumper was drunk, the geniality of the crowd rose and rose until Steele at last saw that he might possibly make terms with them. Under the exhilarating effects of the mixture he poured out, all objections to intoxicating liquor fled from the jovial assemblage, and Jackson now opened whisky bottle after whisky bottle. The miners were laughing, singing, weeping on each other's necks, utterly oblivious to owners of mines, lack of pay, lynching or anything else by the time Steele and Jackson mounted their horses, the colored cook leading one of the mules laden with provisions ample for a week's journey.

When Jack Steele reached Pickaxe Gulch he never thought to be so glad to see a pair of rails again. He felt like throwing his arms around the neck of the station-master, but, instead, asked that rough diamond if there was any news.

"No, not much," replied the station-master, "except that Peter Berrington, the billionaire, is dead."

"Thank Heaven!"

"Yes," said the official, "he's gone where his money won't do him no good. Found dead in his chair in his office in New York two days ago."

Steele went in and possessed himself of the paper.

"By Jove!" he muttered as he gazed at the big black headlines of a newspaper. "He or his system sent a man to his death when he should have been preparing to meet death himself. That's as it should be. Thank goodness, the shadow has lifted!"

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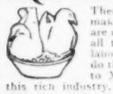

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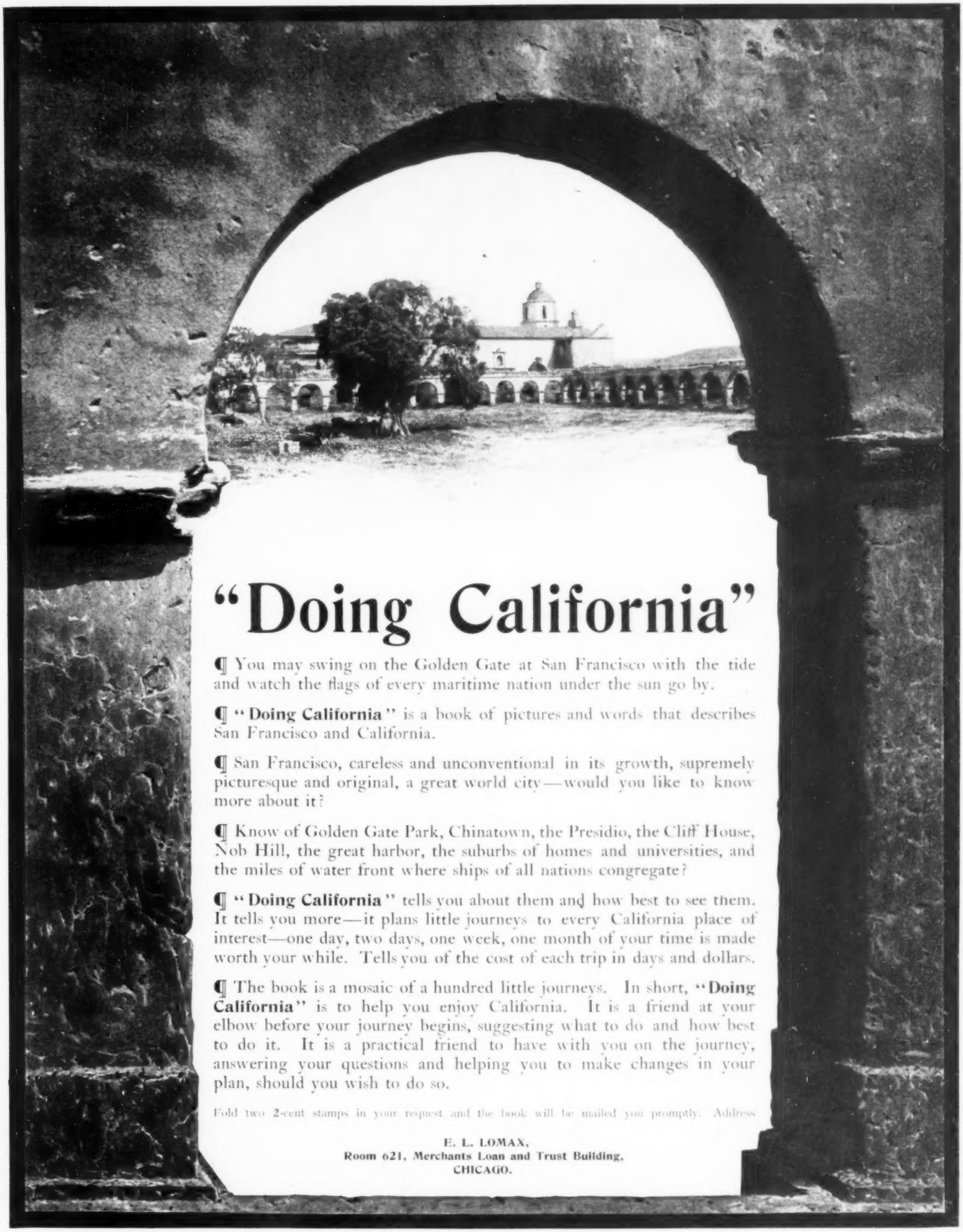

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